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The Comet.

"The comet! he is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specire of the skies.
Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale!—
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

"On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left or right,
He asks them not their names
And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?"

Still Thinking.

I'm thinking of the time, Kate,
When sitting by thy side,
And shelling beans, I gazed on thee,
And felt a wondrous pride.
In silence leaned we o'er the pan,
And neither spoke a word,
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

The auburn curls hung down, Kate,
And kissed thy lily cheek,
Thy azure eyes half filled with tears,
Bespoke a spirit meek.
To be so charmed as I was then,
Never before occurred,
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

WHO ROBBED AARON DYKE?

One Saturday morning the following advertisement appeared in the Bright Haven *Weekly Guest:*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A strong, active boy to do general work in my store.
ALEXANDER RONAN.

Of the many eyes that saw this little paragraph, one bright pair belonged to Aaron Dyke, a tall, atheletic boy of fifteen. If you could have looked at him as he held the newspaper in his hand, I think you would have pronounced his face a striking one. Its usual sad and stern expression—so unnatural to one of his age—was gone, and his features were handsome and luminous with hope.

"Wanted immediately—a strong, active boy." He read the words over and over. Surely there was a chance for him, or there would be if—and then cloud took the place of sunshine again. Aaron Dyke's smile changed to a defiant frown.

"What's the use of my trying to get a situation?" he said to himself, bitterly. "Mr. Ronan won't take me. Everybody says I'm the worst boy in the village, and no matter how hard I try, I can never make any thing."

Dyke flung down the paper, and stood for some minutes gloomily reflecting. Then, as if impelled by some desperate resolution, he turned and walked rapidly down the village street. In fifteen minutes he had reached Mr. Ronan's store.

"Is Mr. Ronan in?" he inquired of the clerk.

"No, he has just gone over to his house for something." And thither Aaron immediately followed.

Aaron found the merchant at home, showing some dress-patterns to his wife and children. "Did you wish to see me?" said he, kindly.

"Yes, sir. I am Aaron Dyke. I noticed your advertisement for a boy, and I thought perhaps I could suit you."

"Have you ever worked in a store?" inquired Mr. Ronan.

"No, sir, I know nothing about it, but I am sure I could soon learn."

"Are you willing to work hard?"

"Yes, sir; I expect to work hard. I am used to that," answered Aaron, promptly.

"What have you been doing?"

"I've been on a farm for a little over a year—till—till lately."

"Ah, whose farm did you work on?"

Aaron looked embarrassed. He colored and hesitated, but finally answered, "Simon Pinkham's, sir," and then he began to say something else, but stopped.

On the whole, his appearance impressed Mr. Ronan favorably. "I think you will answer my purpose," said the merchant, "but I cannot say decidedly that I will take you. I will find out and let you know by this evening or Monday noon. I will leave a line at the Post-office for you."

Very soon after the boy's departure Jasper Newland called. He was a cousin of Mrs. Ronan, and lived a mile or so out of the center of the town.

"Do you know anything of a boy named Aaron Dyke?" asked Mr. Ronan during their conversation.

"Yes, I know him. He's one of the worst boys anywhere about," said Mr. Newland.

"I am sorry to hear that. I was thinking of hiring him for a store boy. What has he done?"

"O, a little of 'most everything. I can't exacty tell what, only he has a very bad name. The universal voice is against his. He's a 'black sheep,' and you'd better not have him round your store. 'Taint safe."

"The boy is bright and good-looking, Jasper," interposed Mrs. Ronan, gently.

"Yes, he looks well enough, and knows enough, but I guess all that is said against him is pretty true," replied Mr. Newland. "He lived with Simon Pinkham awhile, and he had him up before Justice Clark for stealing. Alexander don't want any such boy to work for him."

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Ronan; "but I am really surprised to hear so ill of him. I was much pleased with his appearance."

"He wanted to work in my shop, but I wouldn't have him if he would give me his work," said Mr. Newland, emphatically.

After tea Mr. Ronan and his two daughters, Alice and Rowena, rode over to Wellington, a neighboring town, and on their return stopped to water the horse at an old-fashioned farm-house well.

A white-haired old man came out of the house, bringing a pail. "Thank you, kindly," said the merchant, and he filled the pail out of the old oaken bucket, and carried the water to his thirsty horse.

"Don't know as I can call you by name," the old man said.

"My name is Ronan—Alexander Ronan. I have only been in town about two months. I keep store now in Waldo's Block."

"Ah? Wal, I'm Simon Pinkham. You've heard of Simon Pinkham, maybe?"

"O, yes. By the way, I am told you had a boy named Aaron Dyke living with you last year. What sort of a boy is he?"

"Wel," drawled out old Simon, "he haint got no father nor mother, and I ra-ly don't want to say nothin' ag'in him."

"He wants to come into my store, and if you *know* any ill of him, it's right that I should hear it," said Mr. Ronan.

"Wal, I call him a leetle sly and slippery. I lost fifty dollars when he was here. We couldn't prove it ag'in him, and I can't say for sartin that he stole it; but there's some bad blood about him. He is some way related to Joe Wilson, who shot John Gibson. I don't know how far off, or how near; and his mother was a French, and them Frenches are pretty poor trash. Simon, my son, owns the place, not I. Aaron worked for him, not me."

"Mr. Ronan, how do you do? Glad to see you," said Simon Pinkham, Jr., coming up and shaking that gentleman cordially by the hand. "Haven't seen you since we were jurymen together at Wellington, three years ago."

"I am happy to meet you," said Mr. Ronan.

"This court tried some pretty tough cases that winte.."

After a little further conversation, Mr. Ronan took his departure. The result of this chance interview with the two Pinkhams was a determination in Mr. Ronan's mind not to employ Aaron Dyke. That same evening a letter, bearing the boy's address was left in the post-office, and in an hour after it was placed in his hands. With a flushed face he tore it open and read:

AARON DYKE:—I have concluded not to receive you into my store. Truly yours, A. RONAN.

It was as he had feared. His enemies had seen Mr. Ronan, and that short, almost rude, dismissal of his hopes was the last effect of their prejudice.

Crushing the letter in his hand, he walked away alone into the night.

Three months passed. It was the fourteenth birthday of Alice Ronan, a pretty maiden, without a care, and bright and happy as the singing birds. It was also the sixteenth birthday of Aaron Dyke.

Alice had gone out for a ramble alone, and wandered a long distance from home. Coming to the edge of a small glen, she suddenly met a little withered old woman in a faded dress and a red hood. Her eyes had an uneasy, glittering look, and her features were sharp and hawk-like.

"Good-morning, young lady," said she, briskly.

Alice was a little startled, but she returned the queer old woman's greeting, and added that it was "a very fine day."

"Yes, and you are a very fine-looking young lass. What's your name?"

"Alice Ronan, ma'am," replied the girl, timidly.

"*Ronan!*" repeated the old woman fiercely, "I know that name, and I *hate* it! So you're Alexander Ronan's daughter! I thought so!" And with one hand she seized Alice by the arm, and, planting herself in front of her, shook a clenched fist in her face. "Alexander Ronan!—and people call *him* a good man! Didn't he help send my James to prison and to death? May every curse that the Lord can send light upon him!"

"Let me go, O, please let me go!" pleaded Alice loudly, shrinking back in terror, and beginning to cry.

"Martha, let that girl alone!" called out a strong voice in the distance, and in a moment Aaron Dyke appeared, hurrying to the spot.

"Don't be frightened, miss, she wont hurt you," said he to Alice. "Martha, what do you mean by scaring her so? Don't you see she's as white as a sheet? It's a shame for you to act so! She's done you no harm!"

"But her father has, and she's his own child," answered the woman, still keeping her eyes fixed savagely upon Alice.

"She't not to blame for that. I say let go of her! You shall!" said Aaron, determinedly. "Why, Martha, I never saw you act so savage. You are always so kind and good; now let her go," half coaxing and half commanding. At that the strange old woman released Alice, and went off scowling.

"O, how frightened I was!" exclaimed Alice, the minute she was out of sight. "I did not know but she meant to kill me."

Aaron smiled.

"I can't think what should have thrown her in such a frenzy. She is usually so mild and kind," said he.

"Who is she, and where does she live?" inquired Alice.

"She lives in that little brown house by the bridge. Her name is Martha Cann."

"Is she crazy?"

"No, not exactly crazy, I think, yet she is very strange sometimes. I saw her once fly into a passion with Mr. Pinkham when I lived there. She seems to owe him some grudge. But she is very good to me. I help her sometimes when I can get no other work, and she often gives me food and shelter. Indeed, she is the best friend I've got."

"You must be pretty poorly supplied with friends, if she is your best," laughed Alice.

"That is too true," said Aaron, sorrowfully.

"Dear me," exclaimed Alice, "how shall I ever get home? I've got to go right by where that old witch lives!"

"You can go round by the mill, but it's a little further, and partly through woods. If it would make you feel any safer, I'll go with you."

"O, thank you! Will you? You are so kind!"

The road by the mill was a cool and pleasant one. Aaron and Alice walked side by side for several minutes in silence. Then Aaron said:

"Your father promised me that I should have a situation. Why did he refuse to employ me?" questioned Aaron, resolutely.

"Why—you see—you see—father thought he wouldn't," answered Alice, evasively, hardly knowing what to say.

"Well, I know the reason why he wouldn't hire me. I've such a bad name, and he heard such dreadful things about me, that he was afraid of me. Isn't that it?"

"Yes—I suppose so," hesitatingly.

"And it's so all the time. I want to work, and no one will hire me. Everybody hates me and tries to ruin me. Well, I'm off next week. I shan't trouble the folks in this town any more!" said Aaron, angrily.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere. I neither know nor care, so that I get out of this place."

"And do people really tell false stories about you?" asked Alice, in a tone of pity.

"Just about one-tenth is true, and the rest is the blackest lie," said Aaron, fiercely. "I did do a little wrong. When I lived with Deacon Phillips I made a few dollars by a trick. It wasn't exactly honest, and it wasn't exactly *dis*honest. I know it wasn't right, and I wouldn't do it again; but I was poor. The deacon only gave me my board, and I wanted some money. After I'd done it he told of me all over town, and the next year I couldn't get a decent place, and I had to go to Simon Pinkham's. While I was there the old man lost fifty dollars, and he thought I stole it; but I don't know no more where his money went to than he did himself."

"What a shame to accuse you so!" exclaimed Alice, indignantly.

"Old Simon is forgetful and childish. I think he laid it down somewhere, and forgot where he put it. Once he left his watch on the haymow, and if Peter hadn't found It, he would have thought I stole that, too," said Aaron.

"And this is all you have done?" replied Alice, reflectively.

There was an awkward silence, and then Aaron said, blushing, "No, not quite all. Last Fourth of July I got partly intoxicated, and did and said what I never should have done if I'd been sober. And this is all. I shouldn't have said a word about it, only I know you have heard so much worse an account of me. How folks can treat a poor fellow so, and not let him have any chance, just because his father and mother are dead and he can't help himself, is more than I can tell."

When Alice told her parents her adventure with the "old witch," and how Aaron had befriended her, and the fierce words the woman had let fall about Mr. Ronan as one who had helped send her son to his death, they were very much astonished.

"Did you ever see Martha Cann, father?" inquired Alice.

"I do not remember her," said Mr. Ronan. "There was a man tried for murder before the Criminal Court in Wellington, while Mr. Pinkerton and I were jurymen. He was found guilty and was sentenced to the State Prison, and finally died there. But his name wasn't 'Cann.' It was Wilson. That may have been only a feigned name, though.

Alice repeated her conversation with Aaron Dyke.

"I don't believe he is half as bad as they try to make him out," she said, emphatically, "and he really wants works, father. Can't you help him?"

"Certainly, if he is anxious to do well, I will do all I can for him," said Mr. Ronan.

A few hours later another letter found its way into Aaron Dyke's hands. It ran as follows:

"AARON DYKE: If you are still in need of work, and will try and do well, I will take you into my store. If your conduct proves satisfactory, you shall have fair play and permanent employment.

"Truly yours. A. RONAN."

That letter proved the turning-point of a life. In all probability it saved a friendless boy from becoming a bad man.

Months rolled away, and Aaron Dyke continued steady and diligent, and so won his employer's confidence by his good understanding and attention to the interests of his business, that the merchant began to regard him as his most useful assistant.

Two years from the time my story opens, Mr. Ronan, with his wife and Alice, went to New York to spend a week.

On the third night of their absense, Rowena, the second daughter, was startled from her slumbers about midnight by a strange hissing sound and stealthy steps directly under her open window. She sprang up and listened. The air was still and sultry, and she could have caught the slightest movement, but now nothing unusual seemed to be stirring. She waited several minutes, and hearing nothing but the singing of insects in the leaves and grass, she lay down again and was soon sound asleep.

Morning came, and Rowena finding that no one else in the house had been disturbed, tried to persuade herself that her alarm was only fancy or a bad dream. But she did not quite succeed in dismissing it from her mind.

As night came on again she grew nervous and timorous.

At the fall of twilight Aaron Dyke dropped in for a few minutes on his way to the store.

"Well, how do you get along without your father, and mother, and Alice?" he inquired.

"O nicely," said Rowena. "Will is a good little boy, and Bridget is very steady and faithful. It's a little lonesome, though—and—only last night I heard something right under my window, or thought I heard something, that has made me nervous ever since." And she related to Aaron the story of her little fright. "It may be I was dreaming," she concluded, but the more I think of it the more I think I wasn't. There's some mystery about it, and I can't get over it."

"Didn't you hear the noise but once?" asked Aaron.

"No. I listened a good while, but all was still."

"I guess 'twas a dog or cat," said Aaron, laughing.

"No, it wasn't," answered Rowena, decidedly; "cats and dogs don't make steps like what I heard. There was some person here for no good, I believe. Honest persons don't go into private yards at midnight and skulk along under windows."

Failing to reason away her suspicion, and perceiving that she dreaded the coming night, Aaron finally offered to stay at the house, and be on hand if anything happened.

"I'll get John McColleg to sleep in the store," said he, "and I'll come over here as soon as I shut up."

"I wish you would," replied Rowena. A little after nine Aaron came from the store. He put no faith in the girl's fears, but was willing enough to do a kind turn; and as he knew little about fear himself, and was large and strong, he was a very proper person to keep guard.

Being shown to his room for the night he went to bed and was soon asleep. Rowena went the rounds of the house with Bridget, and secured everything as well as she could, after which she shut herself in her chamber. She felt wakeful and anxious, and when she tried to rest, her pillow seemed to burn under her head. She heard the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, and then she arose and slipped on her wrapper and sat down by the window to watch. She had waited there perhaps a quarter of an hour, when a dark object in the garden by the grape-arbor fixed her attention. It was perfectly motionless, and Rowena could not distinctly make out its shape, but she was sure it did not belong there.

It was not a horse or a cow, for she had heard no noise, and such a creature in the garden would be sure to be feeding. It hardly resembled a man, for it was too short and too thick. Rowena watched and wondered till presently the figure moved and went crouching along the garden wall to the small barn in the rear of the house. Thoroughly terrified now, Rowena ran to Aaron's room and knocked hurriedly on the door.

"Aaron, Aaron, wake up, wake up!" she called. "Get up this minute. Somebody's gone into the barn. O dear!"

Aaron sprang out of bed and drew on his clothes in a trice.

"Don't be frightened," he said, encouragingly, as he slipped by Rowena down the stairs. "Probably some one has gone into the barn to sleep on the hay."

He lighted a lantern, unlocked the back door, and went out to the barn. It was well he was not a second later. Opening the barn-door he was met by the sight and smell of smoke, and rushing in to see whence it proceeded, he found a small pile of hay on fire in front of the horse-manger. In a moment more the flames must have mounted to the scaffold, and blazed beyond human control.

Aaron ran to the large stone tank in the yard, and quickly filling a pail that stood by, he dashed water over the burning hay, and this he repeated several times. Five minutes of active effort sufficed to put out the fire. Rowena's watchfulness and Aaron Dyke's prompt courage had saved the barn, and probably the whole homestead, from destruction.

Then came the question, "Who and where was the incendiary?" Some one had been seen to enter the barn, but no one had been seen to emerge from it. Picking up his lantern, Aaron searched every part of the building, but made no discovery. "Pshaw!" said he to himself, "I might have known nobody would have set a match to a barn and then stay in it to be burned up. That fire-bug is far enough from here by this time."

He went back to the kitchen, where he found Rowena and Bridget crouching down together, both frightened nearly out of their wits.

"Misther Ahron, I blave me sowl somebody come int' the house!" gasped Bridget, her teeth chattering; and Rowena, unable to utter a word pointed to the back-door.

Just then a loud, piercing scream from Willie's room completed the terror of the poor female. Aaron rushed from the kitchen, and bounded up stairs—two steps at a time.

"What's the matter?" said he, as he sprang into the chamber where the little boy lay.

"O dear, O dear!" sobbed Willie, convulsively catching Aaron by the coat as he came near the bed, and looked wildly at a dark figure in the corner. A low, hissing sound came from that part of the room, and for an instant the bold young man himself was startled. He held to his lantern, and by its light he could distinctly see the form of a tattered old woman, with a haggard face and long streaming gray hair.

"Martho Cann!" exclaimed Aaron, suddenly recognizing her, "how in the world came you here?"

"Revenge! revenge! Didn't he help send my James to prison and to death?" piped the wretched old maniac, and darting from the chamber she rushed down stairs through the kitchen out of the house.

Pursuers were promptly put on the track of poor Martha Cann, whom, of course, it was no longer safe to allow at large. She was found in the morning, in the glen that had once been her hiding-place—dead.

Nobody doubted now who it was that had burned Simon Pinkham's barn.

When the merchant and his wife and daughter returned from New York, Rowena told them the story of the night adventure, and you may be sure they listened to it with deep emotion.

"Aaron," said Mr. Ronan, one day shortly after, "you have been a constant blessing to me ever since you came into my employ."

Aaron's eye grew moist, and his lips quivered.

"All that I am, and all that I hope to become in life," he answered, "I owe to you, Mr. Ronan, my truest and best friend. You took me when my name had been robbed of every virtue, and my heart of all light and hope. False suspicion and slander had filled my soul with passion and hate. You saved me from acts of desperation and perhaps crime."

The friendship so cemented never failed. At his death, twenty years after the event above narrated, Mr. Ronan left his clerk the means to pursue a prosperous business, in which he readily gained wealth. His character, once more rescued by his benefactor, grew continually in excellence and won the last homage of public esteem.

Remembering the wrongs of his youth only to forgive them, he has spent his life setting an example of that Christian loving kindness which was rudely denied him when he needed it most.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser.

Kaspar (or Gaspard) Hauser, a mysterious boy, was found by a citizen in the streets of Nuremberg in 1828, utterly destitute of all the common sentiments and attainments which distinguish humanity from simple animal life. He was almost utterly unacquainted with speech, but, when asked his name, wrote in fair characters, "Kaspar Hauser." He bore in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the garrison, saying that the bearer was born in 1812, and that his father had been in the military servise of Bavaria, in the same regiment as the officer addressed. On being relieved by public charity and instructed by a professor of Nuremberg, he was, through the influence of Lord Stanhope, placed in a subordinate position in a bureau of the Court of Anspach. Here his assassination was repeatedly attempted by persons to whose identity there was no clew obtainable. Finally a person with whose features he was not familiar came to him, and, under pretence of a message from his English benefactor, Lord Stanhope, decoyed him into an unfrequented place, and then stabbed him in the side. Kaspar escaped, and, though weak from the loss of blood, was able to relate the story of the attack. He died the next day, and his murderer was never discovered. This boy's dim recollections of his life, which, from his subsequent relations, was passed, from infancy till his sixteenth year, in a cave or cellar almost void of light, fed and tended at long intervals by a person whose face he never saw, who spoke to him only in the tersest terms, and who finally, just before releasing him, taught him to write the name by which he was afterwards known, have formed, with speculations on his parentage and estate, and philosophical deductions from the tendencies of his mind, brought thus late under cultivation, the themes of several volumes by some of the ablest pens of Germany, and were fifty years ago an admirable theme for a standard newspaper sensation, only that at that date the popular newspaper had not been created.

Moth in Carpets.

One can never be quite sure that their carpets are not being consumed by moths, except for a few weeks after having taken them up and thoroughly cleaned, unless something is used to prevent their growth or to destroy them. This often necessitates the taking up and cleaning of a carpet that otherwise would not need the renovation. With an ingrain of Lowell this needless labor may be saved by laying down a damp cloth, and over it thoroughly rubbing the edges with a hot flat-iron; this will kill the moths, if any have accumulated. But with the tapestry, Brusssel or velvet, the ironing is not effectual; besides, it injures the carpet. Much hard work can be saved, however, by removing the tacks, one side at a time, rolling back, and examining the edges. If there are any moths, they must be brushed off and burned; and to effectually destroy the life of all deposits, the edges of the carpets must be ironed, as before stated, but on the wreng side. The edge of the carpet lining should be thoroughly looked to, and the exposed edge of the floor washed, and while damp sprinkled with salt. If the carpet is to be folded under in any place, sprinkle salt between the folds, and see that the floor is well covered with salt for an inch or two under the edge of the carpet all around. If salt was always put under the edges of carpets before tacking them down, moths would have but slight chance to trouble them.

A Good Story.

In ex-Senator Foote's new book he refers to the following story and says that he long refrained from contradicting it because it was to good to spoil. He says, however, that he has no recollection of the incident. Of Mr. Foote's duel with Sargent S. Prentiss a popular story is told. The people, hearing there was to be a fight, came out to see the two gentlemen shoot at one another. One little negro boy had climbed into a sapling quite out of the range of the firing, expecting to see the fun. Just before the "one, two, three," imagine the feelings of the modest little African to find himself publicly addressed by so great a man as Mr. Prentiss, and in these words: "You'd better get down from that you little boy; Mr. Foote is a very bad shot, and he is quite as likely to hit you as me." The boy dropped like a persimmon.

Incidents of the Pittsburgh Flood.

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* says that one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the great flood disaster is the fact that no list of injured appears. The lists, as published, read almost invariably "Dead and Missing." In the terrible rushing torrent which swept down the numerous runs there was no middle ground, and for those who came in its course there was only one chance, "sink or swim." Unlike a railroad accident, the flood leaves no list of maimed or wounded, and along its raging pathway the only issue is life and death.

When the flood began Mr. Renkauf was visiting a brother on Spring Garden Run. Mrs. Renkauf went to her front door to ascertain the extent of the flood. Upon opening it the water rushed in in a great volume, and was soon several feet deep. A number of articles of furniture were jammed up against the door leading to the second story, where the children were. She found she was unable to get up the staircase, and then tried to get to the rear of the house, if possible, to save the sleeping ones by the up stairs windows. She tried in vain to rouse them. As she passed out of the front door the side facing the Alleghany river fell out, carrying her with it. She was swept down the run about one hundred yards, and caught on the top of some of the debris of the glue works. She clambered over this a distance of fifty feet, and had to wade from that point to the shore, a distance of about twenty yards, in water waist deep. Her calls for assistance were responded to by several men who happened to be in the vicinity, and who did what they could to enable her to reach the shore. She is in delicate health, and the courage she displayed was remarkable.

During the time that she was being swept away, Mr. A. V. Cole with his brother Isaac went to the rear of the house by means of a private lane leading past it, and by shouting at the top of their voices endeavored to awaken the children who were imprisoned in the upper story of the dwelling. The roar of the torrent drowned their voices and they were unable to make themselves heard. He and his brother then picked up clumps of earth and threw them at the window, but just then the house was swept away and disappeared in the flood, and the three children were crushed to death in its crumbling ruins. Their mangled bodies were found about 150 yards below the scene of the heroic efforts for their rescue.

From Ben Mangold, a German, living a short distance from the Schanapperts, whose house proved the tomb of a family of six, we learned the particulars of this sad episode in the history of the Butcher Run tragedy. Schanapperts' house stood immediately below the oil refinery of Haldship & Co., and was struck by the flood with force enough to carry it completely from its foundations on Madison avenue and hurl it down the torrent. Mangold, hearing shriek after shriek rend the air, looked out from an upper window. The doomed house careened along within a stone's throw. At the upper windows stood poor Schanapperts and wife, each holding aloft a child over the raging water and shrieking, "God Almighty help us!" "God save us!" In a few seconds the building reached the bend where the flood turned south at the foot of Buena Vista street. Here it struck against a slaughter house and dissolved like a pile of spray in the boiling water. The shrieks were silent and only the crash and grinding of timbers were heard.

Lynch Law.

A poor wretch named Baker was arrested for stealing fifty pounds of bacon, or rather on the supposition that he might have stolen it. The outrage occurred near the town of Paoli, in Orange county, Indiana. The victim was somewhat renowned for a propensity to get into as many fights as possible, and in casual encounters he usually whipped his man. He was a hard-working fellow, and did odd jobs for persons in the neighborhood, who, as a rule, cheated him out of his wages. Having a family and indisposition to see them starve, he compensated for the failure of his employers to pay him by depredations upon farms, his pilferings seldom exceeding at one time a sack of corn, or its equivalent in value. Having been detected in several petty thefts, his neighbors recently burned his house over his head by way of warning, and came near burning his wife and children at the same time. Notwithstanding this gentle intimation Baker neglected to leave the country, and soon after a farmer had fifty pounds of bacon stolen from his smoke house. It was at once assumed that Baker was the thief, and he was arrested on a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace. On his way to jail a mob took him away from the officer who had him in charge, stripped him, and hanged him until he was dead. It is said that his lynchers were the very men who had defrauded him out of the wages of his labor, and virtually driven him to theft. No doubt Baker was a disagreeable neighbor, deserving of the punishment which the laws prescribe for such offenses as he had been guilty of. But it is not customary to hang people on the suspicion of their having stolen a few pounds of meat.

Friday.

The universal superstition that Friday is the most unlucky of days, probably arose from the fact that on that day Christ was crucified. Many people indulge this as their sole superstition. But it is with sailors particularly that this obtains. Many a good ship has lost a tide which might have borne her on to fortune because captain and crew objected to sailing on Friday. However, we hear from good authority that even unlucky Friday will not long be omitted in the list of sailing vessels in this port; and that the venture will be made next year. In a late breech of promise tried in Chelmsford Assizes, the defendant produced his own letter to the unhappy widow: "You say I have used you ill, but I told you not to count on much lest you should be disappointed. I said if we marry before harvest, it must be very soon, but you said you would like to marry on Friday, for you thought that a good day; for on Friday your husband died, and on a Friday I first came to see you, and Friday was market day."

Turned Him Out.

At a recent performance in London, Rochefort, accompanied by a stout individual and a young girl, was taking his case in one of the boxes. As soon as he was recognized a murmur arose, and a loud voice was heard to say, "Turn him out!" "To the door with the murderer!" The words were pronounced by an Englishman and were cheered by the whole house. Rochefort at first endeavored to make head against the storm and answered with a smile, but, in consequence of the general reprobation caused by his presence, he first concealed himself behind the curtain of the box and shortly afterward left the theater.

Tickling a mule's left hind leg with a toothpick is said to be a sure cure for the dyspepsia.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

An Old Story of a Disaster at Sea Retold.

Some of the residents in the city of New York may yet remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea.

The Collins' vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour; and when day after day sped by and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At the time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother; but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secresy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect statue, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What's the matter with Collins?" asked one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another, "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction from whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he said, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible!" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. John Brown, a leading director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was an entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Collins, you must have some reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen, said Mr. Collins with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things, but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove.

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; ther was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship *go down.*"

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the several merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached American shores with the harrowing tale of disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collin's dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

A copper piece, affecting to be of ten centimes, has got into a certain circulation in France, of which a note may be fittingly made. It bears the head of Napoleon III. in a Prussian helmet. Around the neck is a dog's collar with a ring. Upon it is inscribed "Sedan." The circular legend is "Napoleon III., le Miserable; 80,000 prisonaires." On the reverse an owl perched on a cannon; around "Vampire Francaise, 2 Dec., 1851. September, 1870."

AN INDIAN FIGHT.

An Attack Upon the Sioux by Troops and Friendly Indians--Its Success.

Fort Brown stands at the head of the Little Winnervaga Valley, 146 miles north of Brady's station on the Union Pacific Railroad, 578 miles west of Omaha. From this point an expedition started out to attack the Sioux. It was composed of Company B, Second United States Cavalry, 57 men and two officers, Capt. Bates commanding the expedition, and Lieut. Robinson commanding Company B, Lieut. Young, 4th Infantry, with 20 Indian scouts and four citizens; Washakie, Chief of the Snake Indians, and 150 of his warriors; total, 235. They left Camp Brown on the evening of July 1, and traveled rapidly all night. As soon as the morning dawned the troops and friendly Indians hid in the bush, having made 40 miles between 6 P. M. and daylight. The night of July 2 the command made a distance of 30 miles, and again hid as soon as light began to appear. On the 3d, when it was dark, the whole force mounted and pushed rapidly forward. Every one was in a state of excitement, for it was believed that another day would usher in a battle. At 2.30 A. M. the Indian scouts who had the advance halted, and sent back word to Capt. Bates and the troops that they were in sight of the hostile camp. The Shoshone warriors at once began to strip and put on their war paint, and the troops to load and fix their carbines for action. In about 20 minutes all were in readiness and the friendly Indians began to creep over the bluffs and steal down upon the sleeping camp. The troops followed on foot to the brow of the hill, and there below them and within rifle shot lay the hostile camp. It was asstill as death, and not even a dog barked. The sleeping Indians evidently thought themselves secure, and had taken no precautions to guard against surprise.

Raising their fearful war-whoop the Shoshones rushed down upon the camp, the troops at the same time charging. Capt. Bates led his troops to the edge of the village, and the bewildered Indians as they rushed from their lodges were shot down by scores. Had the Shoshone Indians supported the troops with any degree of steadiness all would soon have been over and hardly a hostile Indian would have escaped to tell the tale of the midnight attack. But the Shoshones hung back, would not enter the village, and contended themselves with yelling and firing on their enemies from a distance. Soon the poni s of the Sioux attracted their attention and then they seemed more desirous of stealing and plundering than of fighting. It was in vain Capt. Bates and Lieut. Young urged them to close up and charge upon the Sioux; they seemed satisfied to howl and steal.

The Sioux when first attacked were greatly confused, but soon rallied and began to offer a stout resistence. Just beyond the village and overlooking it was a high and rugged bluff, and to this the hostile Indians retreated and opened a rapid and destructive fire on the troops in the village below. The cavalrymen behaved gallantly and for a time stood up against the shower of balls rained down upon them; but being unsupported by his Indian allies and hoping to take the postion of the enemy in the flank and drive them from the bluff, Capt. Bates fell back out of the village and put his men under cover.

Lieut. Young with his scouts occupied a part of the high bluffs, and made every effort to drive out the enemy. While gallantly fighting he received a ball through the leg above the knee and fell. The fight here was desperate, Lieut. Young killing several of the Sioux and losing one of his scouts. At one time it was thought the enemy would capture Lieut. Young, and but for the determined bravery of the old Shoshone chief Washakie, Mr. Frank Ecoffey, and Mr. Cosgrove, Young would undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of the Sioux. After the fall of Lieut. Young the Shoshones would not fight, and Capt. Bates was compelled to allow them to withdraw.

At five o'clock, the friendly Indians showing some disposition to attack, Capt. Bates again pushed forward a strong line of skirmishers toward the bluffs; but being unsupported by Indians, after sustaining a terrific fire for some time, they were compelled to retire. The Shoshones having captured some 200 ponies, announced their intention of retreating with their plunder; and seeing smoke and signals from the hill occupied by the enemy, Captain Bates reluctantly ordered his troops to retire.

The population of the hostile village was over 700 souls, and of this number fully 400 were warriors; so that counting in Waskakie and his band, the Sioux outnumbered the attacking force nearly two to one. Thirty Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes were killed in their village, six more on the ridge, and as many more were wounded. Their loss was severe. The loss on the part of the soldiers was two killed and four wounded.

A Shoshone warrior was shot through the head and killed instantly, and four others were wounded. A soldier named Ivens was reported killed in the first dispatches, but is not mentioned in those last received at Headquarters, Department of the Platte. The number of ponies captured by the friendly Indians and troops was 230.

The Impossible Woman.

Ideal wives, according to an Irish writer, are of low stature and extremely fair. They are soft and gentle in manner and slow of motion. They have blue eyes, golden hair, rich mezzo-soprano voices, and wear moderate dress-improvers. Their haff and its color are their own; and they fear strong men, but like to look at them from windows, balconies, carriages, and other places of security. They are a trifle happy, and have not been married to their first love. They cannot sew over-well, but they have a positively maddening way of leaning over the backs of chairs while they are asking their husbands if they shall wear blue or pink ribbons. They have no mother living. They care little for going into society. They never desire to obtain the good wishes of other men, save when their husband's interest is to that effect. They are not painfully clever musicians, but they know some sweet, simple airs, and sing those at evening by the open window. They are liable to be defrauded by the servants, and are imposed upon by tradespeople. They regard their husbands as supreme arbiters in all matters. They would stay as they are or fly to New Zealand with him, as he desired.

DON'T WASTE IT.—It not unfrequently happens in a family that quantities of cooked meats remain on hand. Such should be potted. Cut the

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editer.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 27, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Democratic Nominations.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.
COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.
CO. SURVEYOR,
J. H. Reifsnyder, Penn.
AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

District Nominations, subject to the decision of the several conferences:
Judge—J. H. Orvis, Congress—C. T. Alexander, Senator—P. G. Meek.

Of course the democratic county ticket is acceptable and will take, it is well *Shugerd*, and just suits the taste of the people.

We defy the radicals to pick a flaw in the democratic county ticket—Shugert, Wolf, Spangler, Hall and Yearick—"match 'em."

We think that the present radical state ticket instead of being styled the ring ticket, is entitled to being dubbed the most *Mannly* ticket they ever put up.

The radicals are counting upon stealing a march upon the democrats in this county on account of alleged dissatisfaction in our ranks. Democrats stand by the ticket and let's teach them better.

The radicals think they see a hole in the democratic ranks and have postponed their nominations one month in consequence, hoping they can creep through. If there is such a hole, let the democracy resolve to close it up and put a bigger hole into the radical shanty in November.

The radicals of this state, in their late convention, passed a resolution in favor of Hartranft for President. The excessive heat of last week, and the bad whiskey of Harrisburg, had driven some of the delegates to half madness. Hartranft for President! Shades of Mrs. Surratt!

One of the resolutions passed by the radical state convention last week, claims great credit for that party in the adoption of the new constitution. This is refreshing news, when every body knows that the 'ring' controlled the aforesaid convention and that it was this same ring which tried to defeat the new constitution, and very naturally, because it very materially interfered with the ring's practices and cut down its fodder.

The radical county committee intends contracting for 150 kegs of lager, to be hidden away in different parts of the county. With this cargo one portion intend to run the campaign to suit the guzzlers while another will run it on the goose wine principle. If that receipt holds good against Salt river grips we will let the readers of the Reporter know in due season.

The Bellefonte Republican evidently has the itch and is as restless as an ant on a hot griddle—in its kicking and scratching propensity it combines the qualities of the ass with those of a lousy monkey. It strikes here, hits there and scratches everywhere in order to make all the fuss possible and lead its couple readers to think it's kicking up a dust. All it needs is a little precipitate, to settle down its itchy New England vanity.

The radicals of our county make their nominations this week—the Reporter goes to press as their nominations are made, and we have observed that they have been holding caucusses and counsels how to defeat a portion of our excellent county ticket. They have cooked something, laid some scheme, but we can foil them, and put them to rout, we only need stand by our nominees, Shugert, Wolf, Hall &c., to do it.

The radical county convention met on Tuesday, and adjourned to meet again on Tuesday Oct., 6th. They are imagining great dissatisfaction in the democratic ranks and will not make nominations now, in order to gain time to lay plans to defeat one of the democratic nominees for Assembly. There is no great dissatisfaction in our ranks, and what there is of it, we trust every good democrat will set about to heal it before the 6th of October, then we will all join hands and give these rads, who are afraid to make a nomination now, a good whaling in November. Democrats unite at once, and foil the rads in their plans.

What Others Think.

All the expressions given by democratic papers and leading democrats outside of our county upon the Modoc resolution passed by our late Co. Convention, were of approval. These resolutions were distasteful to a few in our county, on account of calculations spoiled, foul plans frustrated, and treason nipped in the bud; now the honest democrats of our county know the wisdom of adopting such resolution, and our democratic bretheren in other sections of the state rejoice that a deep laid scheme at disorganization has been thus early interfered with.

Marshal Bazaine has arrived at Spa, and M. Rouher has gone to consult with the Empress.

Halifax, N. S., August 16.—Two miners were killed on Saturday by falling down a shaft of a pit in the Albion mine. The rope broke and they fell 900 feet.

Messrs. Wallace, Orvis & Mackey.

The sentiment of the democracy of the senatorial, judicial and congressional districts, in which the above distinguished gentlemen reside, comsprising the middle counties of the state, is almost unanimously in favor of choosing Mr. Wallace for senator, Mr. Orvis for judge, and Col. Mackey for congress. As evidence of this is the fact that neither of these gentlemen has begged for a place by any personal solicitation whatever, but the people themselves have pointed them out as the proper persons to hold the responsible positions for which they have been named. There has been no ring here, no setting up, but, on the contrary, the ring and setters-up-of-things have set themselves against the great *vox populi*, and would set these chosen ones of the people aside so they themselves might fill the positions.

Suppose that the will of the people were defeated in this matter, pray where are three men, in central Pennsylvania, who are their equal for ability, integrity and purity of character? Name them you can not! We go farther, no other section of Pennsylvania can produce gentlemen superior in all the qualities named to the gentlemen whose names head this article. Would it not be a disgrace to listen to the demands of a few selfish, jealous and noisy place-seekers who would push aside talent, honesty, integrity and purity, to make place for pigmies in talent, and who have been dishonest in place?

The people, for once, can not see it. The people for once, will have their choice, and the ring must succumb. Now this feeling in favor of Messrs. Wallace, Orvis and Mackey, is not confined to the respective districts interested, but the democracy of the entire state are in unison with it, and have asked the nomination of these gentlemen, a compliment seldom paid to any under similar circumstances.

All summer the Reporter has published extracts from the leading democratic journals, from other portions of the state, asking the democracy of our section to place in nomination the men named here. Is there not great significance in this? Should not the voice of the honest democracy of central Pennsylvania, and of the balance of the state he heeded? Who is it that would thus set himself against the loud demand of the people? Who presents better and worthier names? Has any disinterested democrat in any of the three districts presented a name which for worth, ability, and purity at all comes up to the standard of any one of the three gentlemen named? Has any democratic journal or leader,—save perhaps Sam Josephs—from any other portion of the state, pointed out one?

The Radical State Ticket.

The radical state convention met at Harrisburg last week and did its work. Paxson, of Philadelphia, was nominated for Supreme Judge; Olmstead, of Potter, for Lieut. Governor, and Allen, of Warren, for Auditor General. The whole thing is a ring-streaked concern; the number of delegates in the convention who were opposed to the ring fixing up the nominations, was about 60 out of 250 delegates, so that it will be seen that the radical machine of Pennsylvania is totally under the thumb of Cameron, Mann, Kemble & Co., who understand "addition, division, and silence," and who for years have been handling upwards of two million dollars of the state funds, drawing the interest thereon and using it for private speculation.

Paxson is distasteful to the honest portion of the radical party, because he is a man of small abilities and a tricking politician.

Some 18 years ago, it will be remembered, he figured in a disgraceful affair of attempting to bribe members of the legislature on the U. S. Senator question.

Will the honest people of Pennsylvania submit longer to the domination of the corrupt ring which has its headquarters and chieftains in the city of Philadelphia, with its foulest politicians to arrange all the orders of exercises for conventions and people, and for the management of our state government?

Will the people of Pennsylvania, in November, endorse a ticket placed in the field by the clique which recommended Geo. O. Evans, at Washington, and asked to have "him put through as you would me, for he understands addition, division and silence," and who thereby swindled the state out of three hundred thousand dollars, and divided the plunder among them? Will you endorse the tools of this plundering ring, who now stand upon the radical state ticket? This is a question for every honest tax-payer to consider and answer for himself.

The campaign in this county is now open. The radicals will strain every nerve to elect their ticket, democrats have only to be vigilant, and give our ticket, Messrs. Shugert, Wolf, Spangler, Hall and Yearick a full vote, and the work is done. Democrats ratify your ticket at the polls by an increased majority. Our nominees are deserving the most hearty support. Look out for all kinds of radical reports to damage our ticket. Our men are all of unimpeachable character, pay no attention to the false reports of the enemy.

CRUELTIES PERPETRATED BY NEGROES.

Brook Haven, Miss., August 17.—Three negroes entered the residence of Mrs. M. L. Burnley, at two o'clock Sunday morning and choaked her and her daughter, violated the person of Mrs. B., forced her to give up what money she had, and then proceded to plunder the house, taking away a large trunk filled with clothing, jewelry, etc. One of the negroes has been captured. The others are still at large. Great excitement prevails.

"THE WHITE MAN'S PARTY."

It cannot, says the World, be too distinctly understood at the North that what is just now known as the "white man's party" at the South has been called into being not by the Southern whites at all, but by the Northern Radicals. Not only common fairness and justice to the South, but the best interests of the whole country, require that there should be no befogging of the Northern mind in this point. We are no longer at war with the Southern States, nor is there any longer danger of their being built up with European help into a great power, threatening the Northern and Western people. They are once more an integral part of our common country. We can no more afford to make serious mistakes in our dealing with them than England can to make mistakes in her dealings with Ireland or Austria in her dealings with Hungary. When the civil war ended in 1865 it left the South a compact, united people, made up of two races closely connected by their social necessities as well as by their social traditions. The violent abolition of slavery by the Federal Government broke with a blow the thread of the social traditions which connected these two races. It did not break, nor in the nature of things could it break, the social necessities which connected them. So far as we have any authentic grounds on which to form an opinion about the matter, the reciprocal feeling of the two races at the South to each other at that time was as friendly as reason and experience combine to show that in such circumstances it would be likely to be. The simple fact that during the whole period of the civil war there was no such thing known as a negro rising in the South against the whites establishes an overwhelming presumption that the emancipated negroes, if they had been left to themselves, would quietly have adjusted themselves to the order of things in such a way as not seriously to interfere with the restoration of prosperity and of order throughout the South. The true history of the rising of the so-called "colored troops" of the Union army has yet to be written, and when it comes to be written there will be a curious revision of reputations in connection with that particular phase of what President Lincoln, with unconcious sarcasm, but too truly described as the prodigious "job" of the civil war. But it is already perfectly well understood that so far as the Southern States were concerned the negroes enlisted within their border were literally "corralled" by the Union forces, precisely as negro troops had been eighty years before by the royal armies of Great Britan in their struggle with the rebellion of the colonies. The percentage of blacks divorced from their normal connection with the community in which they lived by the accidents of war was no greater in 1865 than in 1783.

But the radical leaders in the North soon perceived that if they were to preserve their control of the Federal Government against the perils of any change in the political sentiments of the North they must fortify themselves in Congress with a Varangian phalanx of rotten borough members, and that to do this the shortest way should be to split Southern society completely in two, depress and disfranchise the whites, who, of course, could not be relied upon to support Radicalism as a persistent national policy, and regiment the negroes politically in opposition to the whites. This they accordingly proceeded to do, and this they did with their now infamously famous "reconstruction" measures. From the moment when these measures began to be carried out at the South the execution of them, and the political organization of the negroes under them, were confided to a set of political adventurers, rapscallions, and rascals, the like of whom no country in our times has produced. These people undertook this work distinctly for their own advantage and for the advantage of the Radical party at the North. We might fill this journal to-day with extracts from leading Radical newspapers of the North, published between 1865 and 1869, in which it was passionated and openly maintained that the Southern States ought to be governed not primarily with an eye to restoring order and prosperity within their borders, but with an eye to "punishing" the Southern whites and perpetrating the domination over the whole country of the Radical party. The Southern negroes, utterly ignorant of such a thing as political responsibility, were diciplined by the agents of the Radical policy, backed by all the machinery of the Federal Government, into a belief that their liberty depended on their putting and keeping the whites of the South completely out of all the offices and administration of the several States of the South. These agents of the Radical policy were disseminated throughout the whole Southern country. Wherever there was a post-office, a military station, an office of the Freeman's Bureau, a fiscal agent of the Federal Government, there were they at their evil work, dividing every county and every village against itself, compacting the blacks into a body of ignorant hostility against the whites, making in short that "black man's party" by which they are to rule and ruin the country. They succeeded in their atrocious undertaking. Thieves in the State Legislatures thieves in gubernatoral chairs, thieves in the Senate, thieves in the House of Representatives, thieves on the judicial bench, attest to all of us the completeness of their success. Bullock, Scott, Moses, Kellogg, Patterson, Sawyer, Durell, need we go through with the miserable catalogue of the pestilential scoundrels inflicted first upon the South and then upon the whole country by this "black man's party" thus conceived, begotten, brought forth and brought up?

Now, this "black man's party" having been thus created, what possible form of opposition to it was left at the South which, from the very nature of things, must not be a "white man's party?" What is a party? It is the result, is it not, of a division of the community in which it exists? And division has its laws, has it not, like any other arithmetical operation? In that famous partition of the turkey and the crow between the Indian and the hunter, it is clear that the Indian would have preferred half a turkey with half a crow to the whole crow which he got. But as the hunter appropriated the turkey, there was nothing left for the Indian but the crow. The Southern white people have to live in one country with the negroes, the honestly rewarded labor of the negroes is as essential to their prosperity as to the well-being of the negroes. But it is essential both to the whites and to the negroes that the profits of the capital and labor of the whole community should not be left at the mercy of a mob of legislative blockheads controlled by a gang of legislative rogues. And as these blockheads and these rogues are in power by the force of the "black man's party" how are they to be put out of power except by a "white man's party?" It is not a question of races. It is a simple sum in arithmetic. Politics at the South is not a game of dominoes where all the pieces are white. It is a game of checkers where half the pieces are black. The Radical thieves have monopolized the black pieces. What can the conservative, honest men do but play the white?

Rumors come from Harrisburg to the effect that Senator Cameron is desirous of resigning his seat in the Senate and that an alliance has been formed by which his son, Don, will succeed him. Then Major Errett is to take the place of Senator Scott, the first plot in the movement being to capture the next legislature. This information comes entirely through Republican sources—the exposure being made by a friend of Judge Butler, the defeated candidate for Supreme Judge.

Mme. Bazaine has published a letter, in which she declares that she planned the escape of the Marshal; that she was aided by only one person, and that a relative.

Allen Craig, foreman of a tannery at Keene, N. H., was found with his throat cut on Saturday night, having been murdered, it is supposed, by a drunken companion named McLaughlin.

HORRORS OF THE COOLY TRADE.

A story of the horrors of the Chinese coolie trade is told by an educated Chinaman, a Mandarin of the third class, now in exile from this account. It appears that the condition of the Chinese laborers in Cuba is much worse than that of the negro slaves. The poor Chinaman is held for a limited period; and, as his owner has paid a good price for his term of bondage, he must get all he can before coolie freedom comes. Death so often intervenes before the end of his term of service that it is estimated that not one in twenty live to return to China. The writer thinks there can be no hope for the Chinese people until there is a change in the ruling race.

During his four years' incumbency of the executive chair of Georgia Mr. Bulloch, Republican, pardoned 464 criminals. Since Governor Smith, Democrat, has been in office, now nearly two years, he has granted 20 actual pardons. But Moses, of South Carolina, throes his brother Radical official completely in the shade as a protector of jail birds. In a year and a half he has granted 421 pardons, an average of 22 a month. Of the objects of his clemency 51 were murderers, 33 were burglars, 16 were guilty of rape, 24 were incendiaries, 4 were forgers, 6 were bigamists, 6 were horse-stealers, and 110 were thieves of high and low degree. These are exclusive of 25 or 30 criminals who were discharged in a batch, and of whose pardon there is no record.

THE WHEAT CROPS OF EUROPE.

LONDON, Tuesday, August 18, 1874.

The Mark Land Express in its weekly review of the breadstuff market has the following:

Bad weather has prevailed throughout the past week, but our farmers have kept a sharp lookout, and have secured their crops. There have been no reports of sprouting, though much wheat was stacked in poor condition, in consequence of high wind and low temperature. The same weather has ruled on the continent. This will bring good samples to the front, and increase the value of old stock. There is little difference in prices since last reports, although the tendency is downward. France is sending back here the cargoes shipped hence. The crops here and in France are mostly secure, and the dependance of both countries on foreigners is materially lessened. The latest estimates put our crops at seven per centum below the average.

THE MODOCS AND THEIR NEW HOME.

A correspondent recently visited the survivors of the Modoc tribe of Indians at their home in the Indian reservation in Southern Kansas. The Modocs now number, all told, 148. Of these less than fifty are men, all that remain of the little band that for so long a time kept six times their number at bay in the lava beds of Oregon last year. The chief of the tribe is now Bogus Charley, whose name will be remembered in connection with the war. Among other participants in that campaign whom the correspondent saw and with whom he shook hands were the "old familiar" Shack-Nasty Jim, and Scar-Faced Charley. The tribe live in tents, apparently preferring the open plain to the shelter of the woods. They are resigned to their fate, and while many of them speak English, the others are endeavoring to learn the language, so as to be able to communicate with their white neighbors. The correspondent found them all comfortably dressed and adapting themselves, as far as was possible in their situation, to the ways of civilized life. Major Jones, who is in charge of the agency, lives with his family among the Modocs. Government provides partly for their subsistence, but clothing is furnished them by the Quakers and other charitable persons. The correspondent visited the widow and sister of Captain Jack. The former, Lizzie, received him seated on her throne of skins and sticks, and the latter, Mary, a neatly-dressed and pleasant-looking woman, stood by. She looked at the visiting party, shook hands with them, and then sadly covered her face with her hands. Since the removal of the Modocs to their new home nine of the number have died, and four have been born. They express no desire to go back to their old lands around Lake Tula and Lost River, and say that they fought because they loved their hunting-grounds and the graves of their fathers, and there wanted to stay.

ASSAULTED BY A SALOON KEEPER.

On Monday evening last a young man named Brubaker was knocked down and kicked at Braddocks borough by a saloon keeper named Edward Oskin, receiving injuries which it is feared will terminate fatally. It seems Brubaker, who was a temperance man, has been getting off some jokes at the expense of the saloon keeper, who was recently prosecuted for violating the local option law. The latter learning of the jokes, immediately started in search of and found Brubaker, when the latter acknowledged that he had related the jokes and that they were only considered jokes. Oskin however considered differently and punished Brubaker as above stated. Great indignation at the saloon keeper's action was manifested by residents of Braddocks, but he has not yet been arrrested.

WONDERS OF THE BLACK HILLS.

A Valley Blooming with a Great Variety of Flowers—A New Eden—Discoveries of Gold, Lead, and Indications of Silver.

Correspondence of the World.

The following is part of the official report of Gen. G. A. Custer to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Dakota:

My last despatch was dated July 15, and sent from Prospect Valley, Dak., longitude 103° 56', latitude 45° 29'. After leaving that point this expedition moved in a southwesterly direction until it reached the valley of the Little Missouri river, up which we moved twenty-one miles. During our passage up the valley of the Little Missouri we had entered and were about to leave the Territory of Montana. Our course was nearly due south. We reached the Belle Fourche on the evening of the 18th of July, encamping where good grass, wood, and water were abundant, and at a point a short distance above that marked ("15") fifteen on Raynold's map, just west of the line separating Dakota from Wyoming. The following day was spent in camp.

On the 20th we crossed the Belle Fourche and began, as it were, skirmishing with the Black Hills. We began by feeling our way carefully along the outlying ranges of hills, seeking a weak point through which we might make our way to the interior. We continued from the time we ascended from the valley of the Belle Fourche to move through a very superior country, covered with the best of grazing and abundance of timber, principally pine, poplar, and several varieties of oak. As we advanced the country skirting the Black Hills to the southward became each day more beautiful.

On the evening of the 22d we halted and encamped east of and within four miles of the base of Inyan Kara. Desiring to ascend that peak the following day, it being the highest in the western range of the Black Hills, I did not move camp the next day, but taking a small party with me, proceeded to the highest point of this prominent landmark, whose height is given as 6,600 feet. The day was not favorable for obtaining distant views, but I decided on the following morning to move due east and attempt the passage of the hills. We experienced considerable delay from the fallen timber which lay in our pathway. With this exception, and a very little digging, rendered necessary in order descending into a valley, the pioneers prepared the way for the train, and we reached camp by 2 o'clock, having marched eleven miles. We here found grass, water, and wood of the best quality and in great abundance.

A Profusion of Flowers.

On the following day we resumed our march up this valley, which I had explored several miles the preceding evening, and which led us by an easy ascent almost southeast. After marching nearly twelve miles we encamped at an early hour in the same valley. This valley in one respect presented the most wonderful as well as beautiful aspect. Its equal I have never seen; and such, too, was the testimony of all who beheld it. In no public or private dark have I ever seen such a profuse display of flowers. Every step of our march that day was amidst flowers of the most exquisite colors and perfume. So luxuriant in growth were they that men plucked them without dismounting from the saddle. Some belonged to new or unclassified species. It was a strange sight to glance back at the advancing columns of cavalry, and behold the men with beautiful bouquets in their hands, while the head gear of their horses was decorated with wreaths of flowers fit to crown a queen of May. Deeming it a most fitting appellation, I named this Floral Valley. Gen. Forsyth, at one of our halting places, chosen at random, plucked seventeen beautiful flowers belonging to different species, and within a space of twenty feet square. The same evening, while seated at the mess table, one of the officers called attention to the carpet of flowers strewn under our feet, and it was suggested that it be determined how many different flowers could be plucked without leaving our seat at the dinner table. Seven beautiful varieties were thus gathered. Professor Donaldson, the botanist of the expedition, estimated the number of flowers in bloom in Floral Valley at fifty, while an equal number of varieties had bloomed or were yet to bloom. The number of trees, shrubs, and grasses were twenty-five, making the total flora of the valley embrace 125 pieces.

Through this beautiful valley meanders a stream of crystal water so cold as to render ice undesirable even at noonday. The temperature of the two of the many springs found flowing into it was taken, and ascertained to be 44° and 44½° respectively.

Precious Metals.

As there are scientific parties accompanying the expedition, who are examining the the mineral resources of this region, the result of whose researches will accompany my detailed report I omit all present reference to that portion of our explorations until the return of the expedition, except to state what will appear in any event in the public prints—that gold has been found at several places, and it is the belief of those who are giving their attention to this subject that it will be found in paying quantities. I have upon my table forty or fifty small particles of pure gold, in size averaging that of a small pin-head, and most of it obtained to-day from one panful of earth. As we have never remained longer at one camp than one day, it will be readily understood that there is no opportunity to make an examination in regard to deposits of valuable minerals. Veins of lead and strong indications of the existence of silver have been found. Until further examination is made regarding the richness of the gold no opinion should be formed. Veins of what the geologists term gold-bearing quartz crop out on almost every hillside. All existing geological and geographical maps of this not seem surprising when it is incorrect. This will not seem surprising when it is remembered that both have been compiled by guesswork and without entering the country attempted to be represented.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

More Negro Troubles—Desperate Fighting Between Two Negro Factions.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. 16.—Georgetown county, in this State, is a scene of dangerous contest between negro factions led by Bowley and Jones, negro members of the legislature, each of whom seeks to control the county in which negroes have a large majority. A Bowley meeting on Wednesday was broken up by the Jones faction and one colored bystander was dangerously wounded. Runners were sent out and armed Jones' negroes poured into town during the night. Some of them next morning attempted to kill Bowley and at midnight on Thursday there was heaving firing which was found to be an attack on the house of Jones who was slightly wounded. Some other slight casualities occurred on Friday. Bowley's house was attacked, and Bowly, to save his life surrendered to the Sheriff and is in jail. On Saturday at noon the excitement was still intense and the town was filled with armed negroes. None but Radicals are in the riot. The white citizens are alarmed lest some careless word or act should cause an attack on them which they have no means of meeting.

When your pocket-book gets empty and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't "bulge out" worth a cent.

Tilton lays his damages at $100,000 in the civil action which he has brought against Beecher.

EARLY SEEKING AFTER CHRIST.

The Rev. Dr. Robison (Troy, N. Y.) at Plymouth Church (Congregational.)

"While he was yet young he began to seek after the God of David, his father." II. Book of Chronicles, xxxivth chapter, 3d verse. This utterance of King Josiah was made by the preacher the groundwork of an interesting discourse and an instructive one, through the clear and detailed analysis of the chapter in which the text is found.

The words, he said, were the more remarkable considering Josiah's age when he came into the kingdom, and the circumstances which surrounded him. His royal grandfather had been a rebel against the law and will of God, had raised up heathen alters and made his children pass through the fire, had even set up an idol in the temple. Although late in life he, through sorrow and affliction, repented he was never able to undo the evil of his life—which is a fearful thought—that no matter how much we may repent and live correctly in the fear of God, we cannot undo the evil we have done during our lives, for that evil, like circling waves when the water is disturbed, rolls on and outward, beyond the cause of it, so this king went on until at last his very servants turned on him and slew him.

It was at this time that Josiah was a child of eight years. When he was 16 he began to seek after the God of David, his father, or ancestor. Coming to the kingdom at his wild age, amid all the evils which would surround a young king, servants to flatter and officials to deceive and fawn, everything around him which would pander to passion and pride in the Oriental form, it is remarkable that he should have taken a firm stand against these seductions and sought after God. Let us notice the steps he took in his search. At first the light in him was like the early dawn of day in the northern sky. It was just a conviction that Jehovah was better than Baal. Perhaps some worshipful Psalm of David had been chanted in his hearing, but that was all; for it was four years after he began this search that the light had grown so that he could see his way to the overthrow of these graven images. Then he went through the land a regular iconoclast, destroying the idols and the heathen practices. Then he turned his attention to the house of God, and replaced the things that had been torn down and destroyed. It was while clearing away the ruins that Hilkiah the priest found the laws of God, written by Moses, which had been long buried. When he told Josiah and showed him the manuscript the effect upon the young king was remarkable. He rent his clothes and bewailed his sins. Then he gathered the people together and read from this Bible and made a public covenant with God, then and there, to walk with Him and keep His commandments.

The first thought to which I direct your attention is, the enduring character of a good man's testimony. David had been dead more than 400 years. He had been a man of war, had reigned with power and splendor, was a musician and poet, but his greatest influence was through his religious character. The abiding impression which centuries could not efface was, that he was a man of God. It is not always true that "the evil that men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones." A wiser than Shakespeare has said that a good man never dies; a holy life lived out in the fear of God sends its beneficial influence onward forever and forever. Josiah began groping afar off in the twilight consciousness that there was something better than the life he was leading. There was first the spiritual awakening, and the result of this was the destruction of the idols. Then second step was reparation of the House of God. In this he took the scroll of Moses, and it was from reading this that he was led to the third step—repentance and confession. I have had a man come to me after hearing a good man confess how wicked he had been and say "If I was as bad as that man has confessed to be, I would go and hang myself." But he did not see his own heart and could not understand that of his better, holier neighbor, and there are many men who utterly fail to understand characters like those of Isaiah, David and Josiah or how a man can be so overcome with a sense of wickedness that he must confess it to his God. It is only by repentence that we arrive at a true conviction of sin. Lastly came the fourth step of Josiah, the public profession of faith in God, and determination to keep the Commandments. We see, first, the beautiful illustration of that truth afterward formulated by Christ that, "if any man shall do His will he shall know." Herein lies the germ of the Divine life in man. Herein is the very beginning of the Christian life—a willingness to do God's will. He may not have much knowledge of that will, he may be the veriest tyro in his familiarity with the doctrines of God's word. He may never have heard of the Westminster catechism—or the Chicago interpretation of it; and yet have the very true light in him. The first thing is willingness. The saving soul works out an experience of truth and God. I don't mean those who believe everything without question, but those who search and labor for the truth—true to themselves in questioning, true to God in being willing and anxious to serve Him. I have more confidence in Christians of this discription than in those who begin their Christian life by believing everything and being ready to swallow everything at one gulp. I think they are sure to be more healthful and robust in the life of faith, and more helpful, too, than the other class, who are like children that eat enormously and never grow fat. Part of the strength and charm of Josiah's religious life lies in his growth. "First the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear." So it is with him.

Secondly, a religious life begun in early years is the most symmetrical. There is often an intensity and force in the religious life of him who has come out of a conflict with sin. Some men plucked as brands from the burning have led a seraphic and glowing life of consecration; but there is always some carelessness in the harmonious action of the soul's attributes. There are haunting memories of days and actions gone by, memories that cannot be blotted out. Then there is the feeling that so much of life is wasted, so many golden opportunities lost, when one begins to serve Christ in middle life. It is only a half-used up life that he has to give to God, a life that will never have another youth. When, on the contrary, youth is spent in a holy search after God—a pure and unsullied youth—the whole life is made harmonious. I know there are men who suppose that a man is "green" who is not acquainted with the steps that lead down to hell; but look at the symmetrical characters in the Bible, like David, and Josiah, and Joseph, and Daniel, and we see that they sought God early in youth, when they were pure and unsullied. But while we should have our children led early into the path of righteousness, we should not exact too much of them. We are so extravagant in our demands as to the type of children's piety that we often discourage them; and it seems to me in the case of Josiah it is shown how patient God is with those whom He lifts up at last. Josiah at the beginning of his new life knew so little of God and of His will, and loved so many things inconsistent with the law of God, that he would hardly have passed an examination before the most lenient of Church Committees. Now our parenthood ought to have more of the Divine patience in it, more of the Divine helpfulness and hopefulness. It ought to have an atmosphere as encouraging to the growth of our children's religious life as the atmosphere of Spring is to the buds and blossoms.

There are some church committees who hold themselves toward applicants for church membership very much like an examining committee of an art association toward pictures presented for exhibition. They subject them to all possible tests, hold them up in all conceivable lights, measure them by conventional standards, and then gravely retire to decide whether they are good enough to be well hung in the ecclesiastical gallery. Perhaps they decide that his religious life is not yet ripe enough, and so he is kept a while outside of fellowships and ordinances which have been so helpful to themselves. Some men come to Christ as to a hospital where they can be guarded and kept and nursed. In their sufferings of conscience it seems to them as if the avenger of unbridled passions is upon them, and they look to the Church as to a hospital where they may find safety, quiet, and rest. The Church Committee fears that they will trip up after they get in—as if deacons and elders never did—and so bar them out. What mistakes we make in our idea of the Church of Christ. Many a poor Lazarus lying at the outer gate of the visible church on earth has been borne into Abraham's bosom, while his counterpart, faring richly day by day, has a heartalien to God. Our Savior's idea of the Church is the hospital idea, the saving idea.

Another thought. Josiah was the son of an irreligious man; and I think there was that in his beautiful growth of piety which should encourage us in our Sunday-school work in behalf of the children of unbelievers. There are children who have no religious training at home, whose parents' lives are wholly unproductive of healthful influences. The preacher told a story drawn from his own experience in the ministry and concluded the sermon by inciting to renewed and vigorous effort the work of reclamation.

A cast of the upper part of a supposed statue of Sappoho, from Cyprus, has been presented to British Museum by Professor Anton Bachmaier.

The "first bale" of new cotton sold at Montgomery, Ala., at auction, on the 12th inst., for 21¼ cents per pound, and the second bale sold the next day for 25 cts.

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
HEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
20oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.
All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!

EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bough t out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 31f.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. R. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S New Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT
Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

WM. WOLF.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.
Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, N

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY AUG. 27, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

COURT.—NOTICE—Jurors, Witnesses summoned, and all others interested, are hereby notified that there will be no Second Week Court, in August Term, 1874, and such need not appear. By order of Court. B. F. SHAFFER, Sheriff.

DEM. STANDING COMMITTEE.

Bellefonte, N. Ward—H F Stitzer
do S "—Joseph Fox.
do W. "—O Meek.
Milesburg—Jas F Weaver
Howard—John W Gardner.
Philipsburg—C A Faulkner.
Unionville—John Bing.
Bonner "—A Y Wagner.
Boggs—— m Marks.
Burnside—Barnard Veidehoffer.
Curtin—Henry Theil.
Ferguson—W H Fry.
Gregg—J B Heckman.
Haines—John C Stover.
Halfmoon—J H Griffin.
Harris—John Meyer.
Howard—Samuel B Leathers.
Huston—H G Cronister.
Liberty—Jno. A Stover.
Marion—George Hey.
Miles—Harvey, Korman.
Patton—P E Sellers.
Penn—D A Musser.
Potter—George Stiver.
Rush—G M'Gaffey.
Snow Shoe—J H Holt.
Spring—John H Barnhart.
Taylor—Samuel Weaver.
Union—G L Peters.
Walker—John Divens.
Worth—Owen M'Cann.

J. H. MORRISON, Chairman.

—Potter twp. Teachers' Examination at Centre Hall, Tuesday 8.

—The "Eureka" society, will give a public entertainment, in this place, on Thursday evening, 27.

—John Boozer, of Potter, and Wm. H. Stover, of Aaronsburg, were mentioned as radical candidates for Assembly.

—Several farmers below Centre Hall, caution hunters against killing squirrels upon their grounds. See their notice in another column.

—Mary Lockard, residing in Bradford township, Clearfield county, one mile from Bigler station, was 99 years old on the 4th inst.

—The partnership heretofore existing between Grumbine & Gross, in the furniture business has been dissolved and the same will be carried on by Mr. Grumbine.

— Rev. A. D. Rowe, Missionary to India, preached his farewell sermon at Boonville, (his home), on Sunday 15. There was a good attendance. The Rev. gentleman has more friends among children than any other man that ever started out to preach from Clinton county.

—The Potter twp. Grangers held a love feast in the school building of this place on last Saturday afternoon, had everything imaginable good to eat, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

—The concert of the Rebersburg band in this place, on last Friday evening was well attended, and the music good and worth the admittance. Anybody that says this band is not one of the best in the county, we will fine him $5.

—A heavy thunder gust passed over our county on last Friday evening, 21. The lightning was terrific and flash followed flash in quick sucession. The rain was a Godsend as we had a very dry spell. The lightning struck the rod on Felix Burkholders barn, and three hogs that were snoozing at the foot of the rod have not awakened since. A stable of Mr. Etters, in Benner twp., was struck and burned down.

—Jacob Kerstetter, the famous Sugar Valley hunter, died at his home on last Friday night.

—The large barn of Eli Zellers, near Logansville, was struck by lightning on Saturday night, 22d, and burned to the ground, with the entire crop of wheat, hay, implements and one horse.

—Shortlidge & Co., Bellefonte, are now receiving the only genuine Wilkes-Barre Anthracite coal that is being offered for sale in Centre county. They invite inspection of the coal, and are willing to compare bills of lading.

—Cyrus Durst threshed 0 bushels of Shumaker wheat from 100 sheaves, not counting tailings. Who beats Mr. Durst?

—Mr. Hassinger, of the Old Fort, left a specimen of his potatoes at our office which indicates something big for thus early in the season. The specimen he left is of the Great Western kind, a late potato and weighs a pound.

—Musser, Runkel & Bro's new hardware firm at Millheim, will keep up an establishment equal to any in central Pennsylvania, where mechanics, manufacturers, farmers and all tradesmen can be supplied with whatever they need in the line of hardware, at lowest possible prices. Give the new firm a call they offer the best inducements.

—Prof. Pulaski, late of the Tuscarora Academy, is desirous of obtaining a select class of students in the English branches and languages, and will also give lessons in instrumental music. The Professor is an accomplished scholar and musician and we trust will be pratronized by our people.

—Henry Hess, an old and respected citizen of Woodward, this county, died suddenly, of apoplexy, on Thursday 20, at noon. In the morning he seemed to be in his usual health; at noon he went to one of his lots to, see after his cows, and his wife following about ten minutes thereafter, found him lying upon his back and un conscious. He expired a few moments after she found him. His age was 58 years, and 2 months.

—GET ASSESSED.—The duplicate lists of voters now in the hands of the assessors and subject to inspection free of charge, by any person residing in an election district who shall desire to see the same. It is the duty of every citizen to see that his name is properly registered. After the 3d day of September it will then be too late. The law now requires assessments to be sixty-one days before the election. On the two secular days preceding the day for the return of the assessment lists the assessor is required to be at the voting place in his district from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. and from 6 p. m. to 9p. m. for the purpose of making corrections or adding new names, but it is not best to wait until the last day. Attend to it at once.

—Any one desiring to purchase a complete carriage manufactory, with the best of tools, a good location, and where a splendid trade can be established, will do well to call at once upon Wilson & Hicks, hardware dealers, at Bellefonte, where they can learn of a rare opportunity to enter into a good business at once.

—A splendid lot of powder and shot, and sportsmen's material generally just received by Theo. Deschner at Bellefonte, headquarters for all kinds of sportsmen's material. We take pleasure in recommending Mr. Deschner to all needing goods in the above line.

—"Peter' Musical Monthly, No. 84, has music to suit all hours of gayety or soberness. Thirty pages of music and songs, waltzes, dances, etc., are given, thus affording something for all. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York. Terms, three dollars a year, or simple copies sent for thirty cents."

All are not friends that speaks us fair.

—More rain Sunday and Monday.

—The best place to buy salt—cheaper than anywhere in Centre county—is now at Isreal Grenoble's store, at Spring Mills.

—We are pained to announce the sudden death of John Moran, at Bellefonte, on last Sabbath afternoon, from palsy, he lived about two hours after the attack. Mr. Moran was one of the most esteemed and worthy citizens of that town, and a leading member of the democratic party. His death will be regretted by his host of friends in this county.

—SEE.—The Brazilian and Diamond pebble glass spectacles, the best in the world, and which can be worn many years without change, can be had of M. Strouse, who is traveling over the county, and is the only agent for them, and has no peddlars employed. These glasses have the highest recommendations. Price from $1.50 upwards. 27 aug 4t.

—A violation of the Fish Law and what came of it. A certain Mr. Yeagle is the owner of the mill property on Warrior run, near Watsontown, known as the Vincent mill. Mr. Yeagle has heretofore conceived it be his right and privilege to draw off the waters of the dam and catch the fish by wholesale, at the same time existing the destruction of myriads of small fish which were left by the receding waters to perish on the banks below the dam With a pertinacity peculiar to some people he persisted in this wanton destruction after being duly warned, and on Monday he was brought before Esquire McMahan, on a warrant issued on the information of Mr. Hester, and convicted of the offence. He was fined twenty-five dollars and costs, and gave bail for trial at court for the offence. Is is time that an example is made and no doubt it will have a wholesome effect. There are other mill owners who permit seining in their dams and they too are liable to the penalty.—*Miltonian.*

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

Our school directors think that applicants for schools, for the winter are becoming quite as troublesome as the candidates have been. Go in boys.

The Brushvalley brass band passed through here on last Friday while on the way to Centre Hall, and also on their way home furnished us with excellent music, which indicates that their practicing is not in vain.

Some twenty of our Penn twp., fellows left here for Bellefonte on Monday last. Business must be dipatched when they are about.

J. C. Bible one of Potter township's best citizens, was through here last Monday. John looks well, and seems to increase in flesh since he is boarding with his wife.

The Turnpike company are reparing their toll house above town. The road must pay a reasonable dividend or the company could not fix up as they do. They have improved their road a great deal this summer, which is no less than what they ought to do.

After all has been said, that could be said, Mr. Campbell's new mill is about ready for operation, and it is time too.

And now our Emma went up there and got married, without even saying a word. Well such things will happen and it is no body's business, consequently not mine either.

Locals are as scarce as honest office-seekers, so will let this do for this week.

10 S. C.

WHISPS FROM SUGAR VALLEY.

Jacob Karstetter died Aug. 22d, aged 69 years, after an illness of three weeks. His life-work is done, and many poor will feel his loss, for there was not a heart-broken with want but he relieved if if known. In business he was ever active and the neighborhood will miss him. He was a kind neighbor and a faithful friend. I think I never knew a man with such an acute memory. If he had a number of papers in his his possession, if you asked for a particular one he would select it out and hand it to you, unerringly—though he could neither read nor write. They laid him to sleep under the daises, his spirit has gone into the "Silent Land."

"O land! O land! for all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons and with rivited torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the Land of the great departed,
Into the silent Land."

Last night, 22, we had a very heavy rain storm accompanied with vivid lightning and terrific thunder. A fiery bolt struck the barn of Eli Zellars, and was entirely consumed, with one horse, buggy, spring-wagon, harness and all his crop that was housed. Mr. Z. was fortunate in having his barn and crop insured in the Sugar Valley Mutual Fire Co., about three years ago. Insurance about $1900.

J. HARRISON BUTTS.

BELLEFONTE LETTER.

BELLEFONTE, Aug. 24, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—The radicals went through the farce of holding delegate elections on Saturday. Dan. Hastings, Ike Mitchell and Jake Miller, Levi's brother, are the chosen ones from Bellefonte. This list comprises all the elements of the sublime to the ridiculous, interlined with a voluminous amount of wisdom and egotism. The convention will meet on Tuesday, in Reynolds Hall, where they will start without a Judicial candidate, conceading the field to your former Judge. There seem to be two aspirants for congressional honors, Wm. P. Wilson, Esq., one of Bellefonte's *irrepressible* candidates and Col. Shortlidge who is about being admitted to their county convention to share in some of the empty honors. So far there has been no person named in opposition to the Modoc candidate for the senate. That "resolution" seems to have quenched the thirst for Senatorial honors, in the radical camp as well as in other quarters. There has been a preponderance of radical maneuvering during the last week, in the way of figuring out candidates for the lower house. The radical brain seems to be muddled. Some want temperance candidates; some want farmers; others want one radical and one independent democrat. To settle the matter I say nominate W. P. Wilson and Levi Miller, who would be marvelously tickled with the high honor conferred, who might be induced to pay all expenses—an important consideration. The next tug will be for district attorney. Jim Hale started early in the season to make up a slate in his own interest, but being called to Ohio on a visit, S. D. Gray, D. S. Keller and Jas. Love have smashed it, in his absence, and it is not known who will be the successful candidate, although it is conceded that Love is in the interest of the Bellefonte manipulators. As to the candidates for Commissioner, honors are easy. Court will convene to-day. It is said that District Attorney Potter has from sixty to seventy cases of Commonwealth suits to dispose of. Many of them are for violations of the prohibitory liquor law. The saloon men of our town took leg bail and dug out, before the warrants were served. It appears that the informations were made in Milesburg and the constable was sent here, who announced his business, The news spread like a Chicago fire, and before this Milesburg official could get round, his birds had all flown and having no salt to drop on their tails, he was compelled to retire with an empty cage.

Bon.

Six new doctors are about locating at Penn Hall. Look out for a "corner" in cemetry lots.

The chesnut crop gives promise of being very abundant.

There were 37 deaths in Harrisburg during July.

George L. Cornell, a wealthy and respected citizen of Rye, N. Y., while trimming a tree Saturday afternoon, fell from a ladder and broke his neck.

The bank of Ecuador has resumed specie payment.

THE JERSEY CITY SCANDAL.

New York, August 20.—The fate of poor Mary Pomeroy, the alleged victim of the Rev. Mr. Glendenning, has caused a profound sensation on Jersey City Heights The popular feelings of sympathy for the unfortunate girl was strongly marked by the attendance of ladies previous to the funeral announced this afternoon from the residence of deceased's uncle on Van Reypen avenue. Floral offerings of the most beautiful and chaste description were contributed, and the coffin was almost beneath them. Miss Pomeroy had but one near relative, a brother, who resides in the West, and he came on by a late train last night in order to attend the obsequee. He was deeply affected by his sister's untimely fate, and was much touched by the marks of earnest condolence extended to him by the ladies of the best known families on the Heights. The infant left by Miss Pomeroy was christened this afternoon, and the name was Mary Pomeroy Glendening, the mother before her death requesting that the truth of her statement as to the little one's parentage might be indicted by bestowing upon her the name of her putative father. Rev. Mr. Glendenning was at his boarding-house in Jersey City this morning, and the report that he had left the city was therefore without foundation. His counsel has the reputation of being one of the best lawyers in the State, and he will leave no stone unturned to clear his client of the fearful charges hanging over him. Up to the hour of Miss Pomeroy's death Mr. Glendenning's congregation were almost unanimously in his defence, but in the face of the woman's dying oath that he was the father of her child his best friends have fallen away, and there are but few who now raise a voice in his behalf. The presbytery of the church meet next week, when measures are to be taken looking to the dissolution of the pasteral connection, as whether guilty or innocent, the trustees consider that Mr. Glendenning is no longer the proper person to fill their pulpit. As an indication of public sentiment it is said that last night a proposition to tar and feather the clergyman was openly discussed at one of the principal resorts on the Heights, and volunteers even offered for the deed. It was only through a threat to call upon the authorities to protect the man on the part of some leading citizens that the design was abandoned.

THAT SEDUCTION CASE.

Jersey City, Aug 19.—The excitement in reference to the death of Miss Mary Pomeroy is increasing. Her ante-mortem statement that the Rev. Mr. Glendenning is the father of her child gains almost universal credence, and he is bitterly denounced on all sides. Mrs. Miller, the girls's aunt with whom she lived, say that shortly before her death, Miss Pomeroy confided to her and her husband the following statement:

One night, after I found I was in trouble and after the matter had been talked over between Mr. Glendenning and myself and he had assurred me that every thing would be made right, meaning, as I supposed, that he would marry me, Mr. Glendenning came into the parlor. I was seated by the door. He approached the table, and after a few pleasant words had passed between us, he said to me, "Mary, have you pen and ink? I want you to write something for me You know what a scrape I am in, and I want you to shield me, for if this thing goes out, I am a ruined man. Then he began to dictate something for me to write and I refused to do it, because it was false. He then drew a revolver from his pocket, and told me I must write it. I was very much frightened, and all seemed dark and blank to me. I wrote whatever he told me, but what it was I cannot tell, except that it was something to shield him, and set him right before the public and church I signed my name to the paper, and it is now in his possession I suppose. The paper alluded to is supposed to be evidence upon which Glendenning mainly relied for his defense.

BEECHER-TILTON.

Statement of Mr. Moulton.

The full statement of Moulton is published this afternoon by the Graphic exclusively and creates great excitement and is very lengthy. The chief points only can be given. The statement is prefixed by a card wherein Moulton says: "For nearly two years I have labored assiduously to save both of these men from the consequence of this scandal I saw that by cause of this transgression of another, innocent children would be burdened with a load of obloiquy that would weigh most heavily and cruelly on their young lives."

"All these considerations determined me to take an active part in this transaction, which has since become so notorious that one of the party whom I have zealously endeavored to save has seen fit, with all the power of his vast influence and matchless art as a writer, to visit on me all the penalties of his own wrong doing, and at the same time publicly appealing to me to make known the truth, as if it would justify his attack on me."

He then says Beecher's attack on his character compells him to publish his suppressed statement, which follows in full The statement recites Moulton's relations with Tilton, his knowledge of the cause of the quarrel, Tilton's accusations of adultry against Beecher, etc. He gives all the letters he has concerning the case.

In a letter from Tilton to Bowen, in January, 1871, mention is made of Beecher's adultry with a Brooklyn widow which he had confessed to Bowen. It also mentioned the case of another woman known to Bowen as having been insulted by Beecher.

Many of the letters given have already been published. The famous letter of apology is given All the letters are lithographic fac similies of the originals and Moulton's comments are interspersed He recites the scene where Beecher was asked to come to Tilton's house after Mrs. Tilton had confessed, and describes Beecher's anguish.

Tilton told Moulton how he (Tilton) had accused Beecher and of Beecher's non-denial or admission. Then came Elizabeth's recantation of her confession of adultery with Becher, which was made in writing and held a long time by Tilton, but finally destroyed with out action.

She afterwards wrote another confession which Tilton handed Moulton to read, and on which he afterwards accused Beecher. Moulton did not require more than he saw.

After accusing Beecher the latter said: "This will kill me; this is a terrible catastrophe to come upon me, as if struck by lightning." Then follows Moulton's great revelation. He had an iterview with Mr. Beecher and reproached him severely, charging him distinctly withadultery with Mrs. Tilton and with sneakingly obtaining a retraction from her.

Mr. Beecher admitted the fact of his sexual relations with Mrs. Tilton with grief and expressed indignation. He did not tell him that she had told her husband he had been walking on the edge of a volcano.

Mr. Beecher offered to make such amends as he could, and would withdraw the charges against Tilton that he had made to Bowen. He had written to Bowen with this view.

After he had confessed, Moulton said: "Mr. Beecher, I want that recantation, I have come for it." Said Beecher, "What shall I do without it; what will you do with it if I give it to you?"

Moulton said "I will keep it as I keep the confession if you act honorably. I will protect it with my life." Tilton asked me for the confession this morning, but I said, "I will never give it to you until I have exerted every effort of peace."

Mr. Beecher thereupon gave Moulton Mrs. Tilton's recantation. He now publishes also her retraction of the recantation, in which she says Beecher declared Tilton was gratified when he learned a recantation had been obtained by Moulton and he expressed a desire for peace.

On Sunday, January 1, 1871, Mr. Moulton had another interview with Beecher, wherein the latter spoke freely of the intimacy with Mrs. Tilton and at which time the famous letter of contrition was written Mr. Moulton says nobody but Tilton has seen this, and it had reference to no other than the sexual intercourse between Mrs. Tilton and Beecher.

At several subsequent interviews Beecher made a similar verbal confession, always expressing deep sorrow. A great part of the statement is devoted to his history of the Bawen troubles and various attempts at reconciliation.

Mrs. Hooker's letters are also given, wherein she openly expresses her belief in Beecher's guilt. Several Woodhull letters are also interspersed.

Moulton also gave an interview with Bowen, when the letter admitted a knowledge of Beecher's guilt, and a great mass of letters which have no direct bearing on the point at issue.

All the Morse letters are ginen to disprove Beecher's statement about having paid the board and tuition of Tilton's adopte niece and Tilton's attempted to outrage her.

Numerous other points made by Beecher are met and refuted in detail. Moulton also gives evidence calculated to disprove the charges of blackmail in toto.

Commencement of the Criminal Suit.

New York, August 21.—The suit of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher for improper relations with plaintiff's wife was commenced to-day by the service of a summons and complaint on Mr. Beecher's counsel. The summons is dated August 19, in the city court of Brooklyn, and calls for an answer within twenty day.

CONFEREE MEETING.

The conferees representing the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, composing the thirty-fourth senatorial district, met in the Court House in Bellefonte on Wednesday, the 19th instant, at 2 o'clock p. m. Mr. George M. Brisben, of Clearfield, was elected President, and J. S. Barnhart of Centre, Secretary. The following gentlemen were then acknowledged conferees:

Clinton County—S. R. Peal, Esq., Geo. W. Bacheler and Cline Quigley.
Clearfield County—George M. Brisben, L. G. Lingle and G. M. Delany.
Centre County—D. Z. Kline, J. P. Gephart and J. S. Barnhart.

Clearfield county presented the name of Jas. P. Hale of Osceola, as delegate to the State Convention to be held at Pittsburg on the 27th inst. No other person being named as a delegate Mr. Hale was unanimously declared the choice of the conference for Senatorial delegate. On motion the meeting adjourned.

GEO. M. BRISBEN, Pres't.
J. S. BARNHART, Sec'y.

CHANGES EFFECTED BY THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—Two months' residence in the election district is required instead of ten days.

The state or county tax must be assessed at least two months, instead of ten days, and must be paid at least one month before the election.

Every ballot shall be numbered when received and the number recorded on the list of voters opposite the name, and the voter may write his name or cause it to be written on his ticket.

In trials of contested elections and in proceedings for the investigation of elections (which will include the proceedings before the judges of the court in receiving and counting the returns) a witness is compelled to testify although his evidence may criminate himself. This sweeps away the fright which perpetrators of fraud heretofore had to decline to answer and compels them to tell the whole truth in court or expose themselves to an indictment to perjury.

Nobody can be an election officer who holds, or for two months prior to the election has held, any office, appointment of employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this state, or any municipal board, commission of trust in any city. This excludes an objectionable class of persons who have heretofore figured largely among the election officers.

Two overseers may be appointed by the court of common pleas on the application of five citizens. They have a right to supervise the proceedings of election officers, may report to the court, and where the election officers differ in opinion the overseers, if they agree, may decide the difference.

The "naturalized" citizens must have been "naturalized" at least one month before the election.

AN INHUMAN OUTRAGE.

New York, August 18.—Last night some miscreants entered the stable of Patrick Dwyer, and stabbed nine fine horses. Six were found dead when the foreman entered this morning, and the three others were not expected to live. Each horse was stabbed in the flank.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals offers a reward of $100 for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the offenders.

The three horses lay writhing in agony, and giving utterance to their distress by pitiful groans. Great numbers of animals had suffered deep cuts in front of the hips, from which the intestines protruded, and had apparently been committed with the intention of inflicting as much torture as possible on the poor brutes without endangering their lives. Search being made about the premises, a large and sharp chisel, covered with blood, was found, which it is supposed was the instrument used.

The last year seems to have given new impetus to the labors of the aeronauts a result due largely to to the co-operation of scientists, who have been thus enabled to obtain important information on vexed questions in meteorology. M. Lessajou, describing the ascent of MM. Spihelli and Sivil, states that these observers reached an elevation of about twenty-five thousand feet. They found the temperature gradually decreasing, except when traversing clouds, beyond which the thermometer marked seven degrees below zero. At a height of fifteen thousand feet they saw, below their car, crystals glowing in the sun, and below them white clouds, which could only have been composed of frozen particles. The rays of the solar spectrum indicating vapor of water disappeared at the limit of their voyage. Thus this vapor does not belong to the solar sufface. At sixteen thousand feet they felt uncomfortable, and had recourse to vessels containing a mixture of forty parts of oxygen and sixty parts of nitrogen At twenty thousand feet they used one containing seventy-five per cent. of oxygen, and each time their physical and mental powers that had been weakened were restored. Thanks to these inhalations, M. Croce Spinelli was able to remove an old error, and show that the sombre color of the sky observed at great heights is the result of fatigue. After each inhalation of oxygen, the blue of the sky reappeared.

WAR IMMINENT BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

Late official despatches from the Asiatic station, dated in July, report that the Japanese continued their occupation of a portion of the Island of Formosa, notwithstanding they had been ordered by the authorities to retire from Chinese soil. It was thought that should Japan fail to withdraw her forces within a reasonable time China would take measures to enforce her order. It was the impression of many well-informed parties that, should hostilities be resorted to, they would scarcely extend beyond Formosa, while others were apprehensive that a long war might take place.

A WAR OF THE RACES ANTICIPATED.

Augusta, Ga., August 18.—There was considerable excitement here this afternoon caused by reports of an anticipated fight between the whites and blacks at Ridge Springs, Edgefield county, South Carolina. A party of armed whites left here this afternoon to aid their friends in the deturring element.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

A superfluity of artists deteriorates the stock turtle

"A stitch in time saves nine."

A connecting cotton link, properly established, is ninefoldly economical.

"It is a long lane that has no turning."

That rustic pathway is undoubtedly longitudinal that path no circumlocution.

"Love me, love my dog."

Evince an amatory disposition toward myself let your deportment toward my canine be also affectionate.

"Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Dwellers in crystal palace should restrain from the propulsion of irregular shaped particles of granite formation.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The blast of Æolus is indeed malevolent shat benfiteth not, though homopathically, one portion of humanity

"He that by the plow would thrive, hemself must either hold or drive."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A natural production of the feathered tribe, properly secured, is more than equivolent to a greater numer in a comparative state of freedom.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The village of Washington, near New Hamburg, Ontario, was more than half burned on Tuesday. Several swamps in the neighborhood are burning, and the atmosphere is filled with a dense smoke.

A white fox was recently caught in Riply county, Mo.

Summer county, Kanas, has worked its salt production up to a ton per week.

A grain elevator with a capacity of 140,000 bushels is in course of construction and nearly completed ot Quincy, Ill.

The telegraph poles are now being put along the line of Texas and Pacific Railroad, from Dallas to Fort Worth.

It is said that the mills at Vicksburg will discharge the negroes in their employ as soon as white hands can be procured.

A Lucknow paper says that during last year no less than 128 persons lost their lives in Oudn by the hands of assassins.

Franklin county, Kansas, reports a surplus of 150,000 bushels of wheat. The entire crop of the State is set down at 3,000,000 bushels.

Several elderly ladies are distinguishing themselves as swimmers at Watch Hill, R. I., some of them being perfectly fearless in the water.

The managers of the proposed fall races at Kalamazoo did not receive sufficient encouragement, and so abandoned the project.

The lessees of the Texas Penitentiary have introduced Peter's tanning process, and now have thirty or forty convicts tanned daily.

DEXTER STILL KING.

Dexter trotted several races in public after the 2:17¼ heat at Buffalo. On the authority of Budd Doble, he trotted in 2 14¾ to wagon on a private trial, and repeated in 2:16¾.

Detroit, Mich., August 19.—Forest fires are raging along the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad to an alarming extent. At Deep River, two dwellings were destroyed, and the whole village is threatened. Heavy fires are reported near Standish.

Carp., Ont., August 19.—Destructive bush fires are raging in this vicinity. Eight farmers have had their dwellings and outbuildings destroyed. The weather is excessively dry.

THE WAR OF THE RACES.

Augusta, Ga., August 19.—There was no disturbance at Ridge Spring to-day, and hopes are entertained that there will be no conflict. Harrison Bowie, one of the negro ring leaders was arrested and taken to Lexington jail. Negroes are coming in pleading for peace, and giving up their arms. The whites are still organizing and arming themselves. They do not intend to provoke a conflct, but to act on the defensive.

Grant recently perpetrated a joke, and now all the loyal office-holders in the land can't sleep nights for laughing at it. Of course it was at Long Branch; the Governor of new Jersey, who is a Democrat, and the President were standing on the floor of a summer-house as the 7th regiment passed by. The crowd was so great that the floor gave way; extricating himself from the wreck he turned to the Governor and remarked: "This is your platform, Governor, not mine." There isn't many such good jokes as this get in the papers; but then Presidents don't often joke!

TROUBLE BETWEEN BRAZIL AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Lima, Aug. 6.—The Chili and Peruvian press have been a good deal excited over the news that a Brazilian iron clad had bombarded the town of Alvear in the upper Uruguay, province of Corrientes. The alleged motive was that some of the officers of the Brazilian vessel had been beaten and ill treated in the town of Alvear, and that the authorities would neither punish the assailants nor give any explanation to the Commandante of the Brazilian vessel. It was believed that advantage was taken of the circumstance to bring on a war between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

The Spanish War department has resighed a contract for 130,000 Rennington rifles.

A fire in Cambridge, Mass., destroyed McKay & Myers' currier shop. Loss, $3,000.

J. W. Porter, of Illinois, has been appointed superintendent of the Tressury department, vice Huston relieved.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has commenced a suit in the United State Courts to restrain counties through which this road passes from collecting taxes for 1873.

Scarlet fever afflcts the little ones in Erie.

Frog suppers are all the go in Snyder county.

The chestnut crop gives promises of being very abundant.

Wayne county had a marriage in the woods the other day.

The savings bank is a safe debtor.

A good advertisement for a working man is a seat in Chuach.

Be honest; a cold stove is better than the hot with stolen fuel.

Fifty cents for good lecture, is better than half that sum for a circus.

The poverty of childhood is more frequently than otherwise the stepping stone to wealth.

Dress neatly. A well clothed man commands favor and respect, while one in slovenly attire can hardly borrow his neighbor's saw-horse.

The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is betterto saw wood well, than plead law poorly,

If you wish to peasonally compre hend the completeness of the old adage—"A fool and his money are soon parted"—buy a lottery ticket.

Zenas M. Crane's barn at Dalton, Mass. was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $6,000.

PLAIN EXPLANATION OF OBSCURE PROVERBS.

"The more the merrier"

Multitud inous assemblages are the most provocated of cachinnatory hilarity.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

Habitants of either, similarly plumed, gregariously assemble.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire"

Emergence from too culinary utensils into the deturring element.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

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Franklin county, Kansas, reports a surplus of 150,000 bushels of wheat. The entire crop of the State is set down at 3,000,000 bushels.

Several elderly ladies are distinguishing themselves as swimmers at Watch Hill, R. I., some of them being perfectly fearless in the water.

The managers of the proposed fall races at Kalamazoo did not receive sufficient encouragement, and so abandoned the project.

The lessees of the Texas Penitentiary have introduced Peter's tanning process, and now have thirty or forty convicts tanned daily.

DEXTER STILL KING.

Dexter trotted several races in public after the 2:17¼ heat at Buffalo. On the authority of Budd Doble, he trotted in 2 14¾ to wagon on a private trial, and repeated in 2:16¾.

Detroit, Mich., August 19.—Forest fires are raging along the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad to an alarming extent. At Deep River, two dwellings were destroyed, and the whole village is threatened. Heavy fires are reported near Standish.

Carp., Ont., August 19.—Destructive bush fires are raging in this vicinity. Eight farmers have had their dwellings and outbuildings destroyed. The weather is excessively dry.

THE WAR OF THE RACES.

Augusta, Ga., August 19.—There was no disturbance at Ridge Spring to-day, and hopes are entertained that there will be no conflict. Harrison Bowie, one of the negro ring leaders was arrested and taken to Lexington jail. Negroes are coming in pleading for peace, and giving up their arms. The whites are still organizing and arming themselves. They do not intend to provoke a conflct, but to act on the defensive.

Grant recently perpetrated a joke, and now all the loyal office-holders in the land can't sleep nights for laughing at it. Of course it was at Long Branch; the Governor of new Jersey, who is a Democrat, and the President were standing on the floor of a summer-house as the 7th regiment passed by. The crowd was so great that the floor gave way; extricating himself from the wreck he turned to the Governor and remarked: "This is your platform, Governor, not mine." There isn't many such good jokes as this get in the papers; but then Presidents don't often joke!

TROUBLE BETWEEN BRAZIL AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Lima, Aug. 6.—The Chili and Peruvian press have been a good deal excited over the news that a Brazilian iron clad had bombarded the town of Alvear in the upper Uruguay, province of Corrientes. The alleged motive was that some of the officers of the Brazilian vessel had been beaten and ill treated in the town of Alvear, and that the authorities would neither punish the assailants nor give any explanation to the Commandante of the Brazilian vessel. It was believed that advantage was taken of the circumstance to bring on a war between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

The Spanish War department has resighed a contract for 130,000 Rennington rifles.

A fire in Cambridge, Mass., destroyed McKay & Myers' currier shop. Loss, $3,000.

J. W. Porter, of Illinois, has been appointed superintendent of the Tressury department, vice Huston relieved.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has commenced a suit in the United State Courts to restrain counties through which this road passes from collecting taxes for 1873.

Scarlet fever afflcts the little ones in Erie.

Frog suppers are all the go in Snyder county.

The chestnut crop gives promises of being very abundant.

Wayne county had a marriage in the woods the other day.

The savings bank is a safe debtor.

A good advertisement for a working man is a seat in Chuach.

Be honest; a cold stove is better than the hot with stolen fuel.

Fifty cents for good lecture, is better than half that sum for a circus.

The poverty of childhood is more frequently than otherwise the stepping stone to wealth.

Dress neatly. A well clothed man commands favor and respect, while one in slovenly attire can hardly borrow his neighbor's saw-horse.

The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is betterto saw wood well, than plead law poorly,

If you wish to peasonally compre hend the completeness of the old adage—"A fool and his money are soon parted"—buy a lottery ticket.

Zenas M. Crane's barn at Dalton, Mass. was destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $6,000.

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The Allentown Iron Company has reduced the rent of its tenants twenty-five per cent.

There are 196 male and 194 female patients in the State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg.

Philadelphia expects to have control of one third of the grain trade of the country in 1880.

It is stated that there is to be a new railroad route between New York and Philadelphia.

James Kenton, of Clearfield, was found dead in bed at his hotel, on the 15th inst. Whiskey did it.

The gable end of the Lewistown courthouse was concaved several inches by the force of the recent great storm.

The epizooty has broken out a new and in severe form among the horses in different parts of Lancaster county.

Blackberries and huckleberries are drugs in Clearfield markets.

Jersey Shore ladies are preparing admirably for the next census.

The first Mennonite church in Dauphin county was dedicated on Sunday last.

The remains of five Governors repose in the Harrisburg cemetery.

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,30.....Red wheat 125 ....Rye 60.....Corn 50.....Oats 35.....Barley 80.....Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350.....Salt 2 25 per sack,.....Bacon 7c.....Ham 15..... Butter 20... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $5.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $5.50.....Limeburner's Coal per Ton $3.50

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White 97 seat $1 15 Red 110.... Rye..... 80..... Corn 80 .....Oats 45.....Barley 80. 70.....Clover seed 4,50 .....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts ,.....Flour per barrel retails,50... wholesale 7,25

Farm, Garden and Household.

The Farmer's Wife.

No intelligent farmer or mechanic of modern times thinks for a moment of successfully carrying on his business without the aid of all the machinery that can really be of advantage to him. Every well-apportioned farm has its mower or reaper, its tedder, its hay-fork, its improved plows, its hay-cutter, its apparatus for steaming food, if it be a stock farm, and all the lesser appliances that supplement the skill and industry of the workman. This is as it should be. But when we leave the precincts of the farm-yard and stables and cross the threshold of the kitchen and dining-room, what are we sure of finding there? A hard working woman certainly, frequently with a great many helps in the way of machines for the performance of her tasks. Often, however, we find none of the latter; no washer, no wringer, no sewing machine, no butter-worker, no pump in the kitchen; we find an ill-arranged house, where every particular thing done is taken at the very hardest, and the mistress of the household is worn out, not so much with the labor required to do her work as with the disabilities to be overcome.

Where a woman has three or four hired men to cook for, three hearty meals to provide punctually at the appointed hour every day, children to look after, a baby to take care of, butter to work, calves to feed, chickens to attend to, beside the inevitable washing, ironing, and mending that come every week, it does seem as though she should have every possible aid—a good stove or range, to begin with, as this is really the central point of the household machinery, with abundance of fuel ready for use and not far away. A poor, small stove, though the best of fuel is provided, is a continual aggravation; a good, large stove, with poor fuel, is equally unsatisfactory. We knew a lady once, a clergyman's wife, who lived in a village where dry wood could not be obtained, as everybody found boot making more profitable than wood chopping. On baking day she would go regularly to her husband and say, laughing, "Now, Brother Ba., I'm going to bake; you must begin to pray. *That* didn't always give a nice brown to the loaves or keep the under pie crust from being soggy. How much it had to do with the uniform cheerfulness of the tried housewife it would be difficult to tell. The smiles that wreathed her face in the midst of such trials were those of a saint.

Even when farmwork presses, on Monday, the housekeeper, if she has no hired girl, ought to have the services of one of the hired men at least part of a day, to work the washing machine, if she has one, or stand at the pounding-barrel, to turn the wringer, pump the water, empty the tubs, and keep the fire hot; so that, if possible, the washing may be out of the way in time to get dinner in season, and no return to wash tubs be necessary when dinner is over. Some women have so much sweetness of disposition, and such abounding health, that they can bear everything with equanimity; those who are not thus blessed should not as a matter of policy be called on for the manifestation of amiability of which they are incapable. An energetic, ambitious housekeeper must, to keep up her spirits, see a way through her work, and if "Alps on Alps arise," and there is no possibility of scaling them, she will become either melancholy or ill-tempered—either of which states of mind is most unhappy for all concerned. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God care for the oxen?" Much more than they should the woman who works hard enjoy the fruit of her labor; turning her poultry and eggs, butter and honey into whatever may assist in making her work light, keeping her young in feeling and buoyant in spirit.

Hints for the Agriculturist.

Horses should not be stinted in their feed. Work horses should be put out to pasture at night, but they should have their usual allowance of other feed. They have some lost flesh to make up. Scrape off the eggs of the bot-fly from the fore-legs and shoulders with a sharp knife, and wash them off with warm water every evening. Three hours' rest at noon is not too much for the team while plowing. The time may be made up at morning and night. This arrangement is not a bad one for the driver as well. Give water often, and don't forget a handful of corn-meal stirred into it.

Colts may be taught to eat a little meal or bran, and to be handled freely. The gentlest possible treatment should be given to all young stock at this season, and careful attention.

Cows need extra feed, or they will fall off in milk. Corn, or other green fodder, should be given them daily in addition to their pasture. Carbolic soap rubbed on the cow's legs will keep flies at a distance. Three hours at noon in a cool, clean stable will be a grateful change for them from a hot, unshaded pasture.

Calves may be turned into a good clover after-math, or a wheat stubble, if the young clover is thrifty. Half an ounce of salt daily will prevent bloat. If they can get skimmed, or even sour milk, until six months old, they will be the better for it.

Lambs should now be weaned, the rams separated from the flock, and put in a field by themselves. A little extra feed may be given to the rams. The lambs should have a handful of mixed bran and oil-cake daily. They will be more contented if put in a field out of sight of the ewes. The ewes should be looked after daily, and those with full bags should be eased of a portion of the milk. This should be done every night, until they are dried off. Ewes, which are the best nurses, may be put with the rams for early lambs in January. Look out for ticks and the fly maggot in spots accidentally bruised, or where filth gathers. Tar smeared upon the noses will keep away the gad-fly. Above all things, keep sheep out of wet, marshy pastures.

This is a critical time for hogs where cholera is frequent. Furnish those at pasture with shade and plenty of clean water. Give them a little salt (about an ounce) daily. Watch for the first sign of sleepiness and a desire to hide in quiet places by themselves. When this is seen, pen up the hog, and give four ounces of salt, and soft food with some linseed meal. Store hogs may be penned for fattening. One pound of corn now is worth two in November. Besides, every rod they run about uses up fat. Boars should be kept from the sows, unless pigs are wanted to come in December.

Vermin increase fast at this season. No fowls will thrive if kept in close, filthy quarters, where lice abound. A coat of hot lime-wash, with an ounce of carbolic acid dissolved in it, will free the roost from lice. Clear out all the droppings, and spread them evenly in the compost heap. As the old fowls get fat upon the stubbles and in the straw yard, they should be sold off or used in the kitchen. A stewed fowl is more wholesome food than dried pork at this season. To give fowls the run of the barn is a wasteful practice.

If there is no insurance upon the barn, one should be procured without delay. The vapor from a barnful of new hay or grain is one of the best conductors of lightning.

Bathe the whole body with cold water every night, and rub briskly with a dry towel. This brings refreshing sleep, and conduces to health. Give the men and boys a bucket, with soap and towels, that they may do the same. They will work the better for it.

There was to be a marriage in a French village, and all the guests were punctual, but the bridegroom could not be found. He was discovered at last up a tree, but would not come down till the future father-in-law conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears, but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed and down he came.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The young lady who leaped from the ferry boat in New York is Bertha Reichhelm, of Jersey City. Miss Reichhelm was twenty years old, the only daughter of Julius Reichhelm, a resident of Jersey City for over twenty-five years. Miss Reichhelm had been receiving the attentions of a young man, to whom she was much attached, but was compelled to discard him on account of her parents' opposition This affected her mind. Early one morning she arose, and borrowed three cents of the family milkman, saying that she was ill and wanted a Seidlitz powder. With this money she paid her fare on the ferry boat.... Joseph Taylor, a laborer, living near Trenton, N. J., went home under the influence of liquor. He took his four children into an outbuilding, and, after seating himself, cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor. The children ran terrified into the house and gave the alarm. This was the fourth attempt he had made upon his life, each one being produced by excessive drink.....The Republicans of the Eighth District of Illinois have nominated G. L. Fort for re-election to Congress.....The Conservatives have nominated J. W. Throckmorton for Congress from the Third District of Texas.... The Republican Convention at Laramie City, Wyoming, nominated unanimously the Hon. J. M. Carey for Delegate to Congress.....The operation of transfusing blood was successfully performed by Dr. W. H. Fraser, of La Salle, Illinois. The patient was Alfred Foote, of Peru, who was very low with consumption. About sixteen ounces of blood were conveyed from the arm of a young gentleman into the arm of the patient, speedily reducing his pulse from 120 to 100, and giving a healthier beat. The operation lasted ten minutes.... John Williams, aged 70 years, lately convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Philadelphia Penitentiary for felonious assaults, hanged himself to the grating of his cell.

The following notice is given by U. S. Secretary of the Treasury: I hereby give notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds herein below designated, known as "five-twenty bonds," will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the city of Washington, on and after the 1st of November, 1874, and the interest on said bonds will cease on that day—that is to say, coupon bonds known as the third series, act of February 25, 1862, dated May 1, 1862, coupon bonds; $50, No. 12,201 to 14,500, both inclusive; $100, No. 38,201 to 45,100, both inclusive; $500, No. 19,401 to 28,700, both inclusive; $1,000, No. 47,301 to 70,200, both inclusive; total, $20,000,000. Registered bonds—$50, No. 1,461 to 1,750, both inclusive; $100, No. 10,701 to 13,300, both inclusive; $500, No 6,401 to 7,700 both inclusive; $1,000, No. 26,167 to 31,609, both inclusive; $5,000, No. 8,304 to $9,800, both inclusive; $10,000, No. 10,518 to 11,750, both inclusive; total, $5,000,000. Grand total, $25,000,000.....A vigilance committee of 100 men has been formed at Wellington, Kan., for hanging horse thieves. Three men were hanged in one day.....Great quantities of grasshoppers have appeared in Western and Southwestern Kansas and are destroying everything before them. Much damage and distress is apprehended.....Henrietta Waibel, thirteen years of age, was arrested in New York for attempting to burn a baby, six months old, which had been left in her charge..... The postal convention of France has gone into effect. The postage on letters to France will be 9 cents per half ounce..... The Utica *Morning Herald* prints a report of an interview held with Miss Susan B. Anthony at Enadilla, Otsego county, regarding the Beecher–Tilton matter. Miss Anthony declined to affirm or deny the statement attributed by her to Mrs. Stanton and her brother D. R. Anthony. She said: "If I did say it, it was very ungracious of them to repeat it. If I did not, it was worse of them to make it up." When asked if she would go before the Plymouth Church Committee, if summoned, she replied decidedly. "No, what I have to say will be said only before a tribunal competent to deal with the matter, and able to compel unwilling utterances."

A scheme is on foot in Georgia, under the supervision of the Governor, for combining the various colleges in the State into a central university..... R. J. Robinson, of Decatur county, Ind., was nominated for Congress from the Fourth District of that State.....Anna Berman, aged 6 years, of Philadelphia, was kicked in the stomach by a child of her own age. She complained of pain, and the next day was put to bed. She lingered in great agony a day or two, when she died. Her physician says death was from peritonitis, the result of the injuries..... John Watson's paper mill in Northampton, Mass., was burned. Loss from $25,000 to $30,000.....The Attorney-General has decided that a United States Marshal having an attachment against goods for salvage is entitled to take the property attached into his custody, and hold it until it is disposed of by the court issuing the attachment.....The Associated Press dispatch says that the oldest printer in the State of New York died at Utica. Thomas Batcheder, of New York, is somewhat older, being in his seventy-seventh year, and has worked sixty-six consecutive years, and is still working at the case, and may be seen every day at his office at work, proving that the oldest printer is not dead.....A novel lawsuit is pending in Kerhonkson, N. Y. In April last James O. Schoonmaker made a written contract with Stephen J. Case, a tinsmith, as follows: If Case, within three months, would get married, Schoonmaker agreed to board him and his wife free for six months, and furnish them free an eight-dollar-a-day "rig," for three days, to make a wedding tour. If Case did not get married within that time he was to pay double board for six months and $24, the price of the "rig" for three days. The time was up on the 6th of July. Case was not married, and Schoonmaker demanded the terms of the contract. Case refused to live up to his agreement, and Schoonmaker sued him.

Abyssinian Slaves.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately-shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about £18, but the same girl at Cairo would bring £40 or £50. The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labor like negresses, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbeshecca*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl—these would-be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, often becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become perfectly civilized, proving the race is capable of great advancement.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

At a menagerie in Sacramento some boys annoyed the elephant by poking him with sticks, which made him so angry that he reached out his trunk for the youths nearest to him, and partially encircled three. Two managed to get away, but one was caught by the elephant's trunk, turned round two or three times, and then thrown aside with such violence that his right forearm was broken.

Mrs. Tilton's Examination.

The following has been given as a skeleton outline of the examination of Mrs. Tilton before the committee of investigation:

She had no written statement at all; it was an oral examination, lasting between three and four hours. It was extremely affecting and bore the very stamp of truth.

Mrs. Tilton went on to uncover in detail the sorrows that had afflicted her home for many years past. She performed her task in a manner that moved almost to tears. She recounted the efforts she had made to restrain Theodore from going after strange women, but he openly announced to her that he had wholly changed the views he had held on the marriage relation, and she had, she said, too much reason to believe that he was living the life which was consistent with that change. When he brought the Woodhuils to the house she used every means in her power to induce them to leave, but they would not go. She finally, in despair, sent for the police to remove them, and when the Woodhuils heard that they left. Referring to the scene of the night when Susan Anthony was there, she said it was a scene of great violence and excitement. She said she never saw Theodore so crazed as he was that night. Miss Anthony slept with her and made very free reference to the stories in circulation about Theodore's life. She said most solemnly that it was not true she made any confession to Susan Anthony of any improper act on her part. All she said to her on that subject was that Theodore was circulating stories, and had been for a long time, to her prejudice and that of Mr. Beecher. She had not a thought of saying that there was a word of truth in it. There was no truth in that statement. It was entirely false. She does not believe that Susan Anthony would ever say that she ever gave a hint in that direction. Mrs. Tilton was asked if she ever, of her own motion, wrote a word, either in a letter or a statement, affecting improperly herself or Mr. Beecher. She answered she never had; that the most she ever did was to copy papers that Theodore had prepared for her. Sometimes she did not even know the contents of the paper. Theodore would make assurances that it was best to do it for the peace of the family, for her peace and for his peace, to help him out of his business troubles. On one occasion this was done while she was sick in bed, upon the strongest statements by him that it was for her best interests. When the statement was prepared for Dr. Storrs to see, and F. B. Carpenter was helping the thing on, Theodore wrote every word of the statement and brought it to her to copy. She copied it until she got to the clause charging that Mr. Beecher had made improper advances to her. She refused to copy it further, and told Theodore that it was false and a great wrong upon Mr. Beecher. Theodore said, "Never mind, it is best you should do it. I have got my true statement of the story all written out here (showing her a roll of manuscript). I want that statement of yours for the story to hinge on. I want to show it to Dr. Storrs." This was done. About four weeks before the council sat she felt that she had committed a great wrong, and, without consulting anybody, she went to Dr. Storrs, called his attention to the statement, and told him that it was false. She explained to him how she had yielded to Theodore's forcible persuasions. The Doctor said to her he wished he had known it earlier, and asked her if she was aware that she had committed an enormous sin in charging such a thing on Mr. Beecher. She said, "Yes; but it was Theodore's will and not mine," or words to that effect. In reference to the "sin" alluded to in the Schoharie letter in connection with Griffith Gaunt, she had not then read the book through, and her idea was to refer simply to the sin of allowing the influence of a husband to be lessened in her regard for her pastor. But she said Tilton's manner toward her was such—his words of disrespect and the expression of his wish that she was out of the way and not near him; that she felt "there was a damper between them." She said that when Mr. Beecher met her he was kind; generous, sympathetic, that she felt that in his presence she was respected and appreciated. She said she feared that feeling had carried her too far, and it was that, and that alone, she referred to when she said, "I now see my sin."

The Home of the Grasshopper.

It is proposed that Minnesota shall appoint a State etymologist to study the habits of the grasshopper, and to devise remedies for his ravages, and it is suggested that forces of men be employed to destroy him root and branch in his native heath. Those who talk this way know little of the matter. First, the grasshopper is a natural product of arid regions. In that wide stretch between India and Egypt, including Arabia and the plains northeast of Jerusalem toward the Euphrates, and also the plains of Persia and Tartary, have been for innumerable years the native home of the locust, which at times has darkened the air; and so has been an equal extent of our own country, commencing along the 100th meridian, of which Western Minnesota and Iowa are on an extreme eastern border, and extending westward over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. In thousands and millions of localities among the mountains and intervening valleys and plains the locust has its native birth and dwelling-place, where the dry climate seems peculiarly suited to it, so that in a sort of spontaneous manner he is born and perpetuated, and it would appear that by far the largest number, if this is a proper word, live and die in the vicinity, and that only now and then, owing perhaps to over-population, do small armies of them venture eastward, or else they are blown eastward, for they always come and go with a favorable wind. To strike at the origin will require that the climate be changed, that rain shall be so frequent as to give moist, damp soil, in which eggs can neither be deposited with comfort nor hatched with success; but as this change is impossible, no remedy would appear likely to be found.

After all, the grasshopper is not near such a pest as he is supposed. New settlers, who are unacquainted with him, are scared, and they think the country uninhabitable, but he does far less damage than is done by drouth in the Atlantic States. Utah is in the heart of the grasshopper region, and also of the cricket region, which last have been so thick on the railroad track for short distances as to make the locomotive wheels fly around without traction, and yet in no other part of the United States is the yield of wheat higher, and nowhere else are pears, grapes, peaches, plums, apricots, and all the small fruits grown more successfully. The same is to be said of Montana and Idaho, and yet the people have made no outcry, nor have they solicited contributions from the States, though in the early days, while fields were few, grasshopper pies and baked grasshoppers were eaten with a decided relish. California is afflicted in like manner, but the people are growing rich, so that, on the whole, the grasshopper seems to cease to be an affliction when one gets used to him. If other calamities could be as easily met, the world would be a happy one for the farmer. If the effects of protracted drouth or long periods of wet weather brought no greater disasters than what the grasshoppers bring, all would be well. If any means could be derived for making good crops grow on millions of exhausted acres both North and South, the grasshopper might take heavy tolls of all crops and the country would be vastly the richer.

An assault upon the city editor of the Nashville *Banner* resulted in the sale of 1,000 extras, and the publisher has invited the assaulting gentleman to call again.

The crew of the ship Dexter, which recently arrived at San Francisco from New South Wales, are on trial for refusing to obey orders on July 4, which they claimed to be a national holiday and celebrated as such.

The Great Danger of Ministers.

The New York *Observer*, a well-known religious journal, says: "The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock as shall secure for him that intimacy which ought to exist only in the domestic circle, is an evil of fearful tendency and unspeakable danger. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sores. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

"For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor, is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks edified—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so; how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her; how she "is lifted up" by his instructions; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort; and so on, and so on, more and worse, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening manworship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved." It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace, and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what wordly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth earthly. It is "carnal nature conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it.

A Sad Home.

In her evidence before the Beecher investigating committee, a question was asked relative to the trouble caused by a woman who visited Mr. Tilton's house, Mrs. Tilton, in reply to the question, told the following touching incident of her life: I think she hurt me more than yan one in the world. She was more severe, and treated me with greater contempt than anybody else ever did, and to such an extent that I could not speak of it to my husband, as he never took any side; nor could I tell mother about it. I did not feel like revealing to her all this trouble and embarrassment and humiliation. I did not feel that there was a place for my head to lie down on in that house, and frequently I went out wandering in the streets. Night after night I walked, with my head in front of me, so I would go back and creep into the basement and lie down anywhere, feeling utterly wretched. Once I went away from home, thinking that I would not come back, but I found that I had left my purse at home, and had to return. Mr. Tilton owns a lot in Greenwood, and there I have two babies. I went there, with my water-proof cloak on, and with the hood over my head, and laid down on the two graves and felt peace. I had been there but a little while before the keeper of the grounds ordered me off. I paid no attention to him. I did not regard his order until he came again in a few moments and said: "I order you off these grounds; do you hear me?" I rose to my feet and said, "If there is one spot on earth that is mine, it is these two graves;" and he actually bowed down before me in apology. Though he was a common workman it was very hearty, and it was very grateful to me. He said, "I did not know that these were yours;" and he left me, and I stayed there on the little graves the rest of the day.

Q.—Were experiences of that character common during your suffering in consequence of Mr. Tilton's introducing other persons into your family, and in consequence of his treatment of you? A.—Yes; but no one ever knew of it, and I cannot endure to tell it now. At the same time I trust you will all think the matter well over, and use as little of it as you can.

The Shooting of a Reporter.

As the shooting of Captain Schmidt by the Carlists has almost become an European question, it will be interesting to know precisely how it came about, on the authority of a Spanish correspondent of the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, writing from Tolosa:

"Captain Schmidt was captured June 25, near Villetuerta, by the sharpshooters of the Carlist advance. As he wore a peasant's dress and spoke Spanish imperfectly, he was treated as a spy. The troops were going into action, and there was no time for a regular court-martial. He was summarily tried, and in spite of his protests, sentenced to be shot. He was shot on the 30th, in spite of the arrival of a courier from Don Carlos ordering a stay of the execution. He was shot in company with twenty-two Republican officers and soldiers, having been first allowed to write farewell letters to his family. The unfortunate captain belonged to the artillery and wore the order of the Iron Cross of the first class. Although a Protestant, he declared that he embraced the Catholic faith in the hope of saving his life. All was in vain!"

This, to be sure, is the German story. If it be correct, however, the Carlists on the spot were unquestionably guilty of something unpleasantly like a crime.

The Curse of Scotland.

A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender, at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening, the nine of diamonds belonging to the pack with which they were playing was lost. On the night after the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the rebel army, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and, as was his invariable custom, took up his quarters in the apartments which had so recently been occupied by Prince Charles Edward. On the following morning, a scout brought in word that a small portion of the rebel army had taken shelter in a deep gorge among the mountains. The Duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to execute this inhuman order, and perhaps fearful of after consequences, declined to take the command without a written order. The Duke looked round the room for a piece of paper on which to write the order, when some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the Duke, who wrote his order on the back of it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the Duke's commands, that not one of the devoted band of Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

Brigham Young's Logic.

A one-legged soldier, a Mormon, recently asked Brigham Young to supply, by a miracle, the missing limb; but the apostle, not to be caught, made this reply: "I can in an instant produce a new leg in place of the old one, but then, you see, if I do, it will cause great inconvenience to you in heaven, for after your exaltation to glory, the original leg will come back to the spiritualized body, mine also being of divine origin, becomes immortal, and, in this case, observe how very awkward a three-legged angel from Utah would appear among the inhabitants of the eternal world.

A Chicago paper boasts that that city has the finest assortment of ruins in the world.

The Responsible Editor.

That very clever story, "The Tyranteler of Calviras," just now going the rounds, recalls an incident which took place in the New Orleans *Picayune* office many years ago, when George Washington Reeder presided over the police columns. Reeder was very small, not over four feet six inches in height; singularly youthful of appearance, and given to a pompous, overwhelming, elaborate politeness, which, in connection with his diminutive stature and magnificent costume, generally reminded one of a benevolent but highly diplomatic tomtit. Apart from his journalistic pursuits, Reeder had quite a name in the theatrical line, being a *dilettante* comedian of considerable merit. Everybody liked him, laughed kindly at his little peculiarities, and respected the brave and chivalrous spirit which they had found to be among his characteristics.

To see Reeder in the editorial room receiving an irate party, and particularly one of the rougher species, was a privilege to be greatly grateful for. His microscopic size, his gorgeous toilet, his profuse courtesy and his grandiloquent address were simply amusing. Callers with well defined injuries but limited intellect went away in the firm conviction that Reeder thought them the purest, loftiest and most persecuted of mortals. Entering the *Picayune* office with the rooted purpose of mangling and bruising the chronicler of their complications, they would retire believing that Reeder was too angelic for this world, and that his references to them were only made after a bitter struggle with remorseless duty at the expense of a bleeding heart.

He was perfectly ready to fight, however, whenever the case demanded it, and thereby hangs a tale.

One day an enormous, rough, ferocious-looking man entered the office and inquired for the editor. Much to his sorrow, Reeder had to say that the editor was absent.

"I'm sorry o' that," said the big man, sitting down and depositing a large, mangy carpet bag near his chair. "I stopped over one day just to see him. I'm from Texas, you know, and I saw something in this morning's *Picayune* that sorter riles me. I was going home, but I thought I'd like to see the editor before I went, so as I could tell the boys what passed. I want to see him alone for about two minutes—that's all." And here the visitor's voice grew plaintive, and his fingers played with the hilt of a Colt's army revolver which hung in full view from his belt.

"I regret extremely, sir, that the editor happens to be out just now. I feel sure, from the impression you make on me, that he would esteem it a privilege to meet you. He would like you to take back to Texas his assurances of friendship and admiration. Couldn't you, my dear sir, couldn't you call a little later?"

"Well, I guess I will come again, long as I'm till to-morrow anyhow. You see it would make things easier like if I was to meet that editor."

About six o'clock in the afternoon he returned. Nobody but Reeder happened to be in.

"So sorry, my dear sir, but the editor has not yet appeared. Pray be seated, sir, and permit me to enjoy the accident which has made us acquainted."

"Now, I think this rather a hard case," said the brawny Texan, who was beginning to be impatient. "Here's a paper that pitches into Texas, and, so to speak, bullrags the Texans, and when I call to see about it there's no one in. Where I live things are different. If a paper makes any unpleasant remarks about a gentleman, we always know what to do. We just walk around to the office, and the editor's there, ready to give it to us any way we want it. But here you have other fashions. You go for Texas like blazes in the morning, and when I call—being the only Texan in town—to chaw up the editor a little and swap bullets with him in a genteel way, I can't find my man. I don't like it. If a paper banters fellows in this sort of way, it ought to have a responsible man—"

"Pardon me," says Reeder, stepping daintily into the middle of the room, with one hand thrust into his bosom and a face literally beaming with good nature. "Pardon me, a thousand times, I quite misunderstood you. I supposed you wanted to see the chief editor only. If it is a responsible man you're seeking, that's another thing."

"Certainly. That's all I want—a responsible man, somebody I can rassel about this article. That's what I have been saying all the time."

"Behold him! George Washington Reeder, at your service, sir. I'm the responsible man of this paper, sir."

The astonished giant looked at Reeder and then at the pistol, which was nearly as large as Reeder, and his face became a battle ground where surprise, disappointment, disgust and amusement struggled for predominance. Then he stuck the pistol back into the case, picked up his carpet bag, and, eyeing Reeder all over with disparaging regard, blurted out the exclamation:

"Thunder!"

And left, a swindled and an injured man.

The Rattlesnake's Enemy.

Of all enemies with which the rattlesnake has to contend, except man, the hog is the most destructive. An old sow with a litter of pigs to provide for will hunt for reptiles with a perseverance and sagacity truly astonishing, tracking them by their scent to their hiding-places and never letting them escape.

In the West, in early times and now throughout the country, if rattlesnakes become troublesome in any locality, a drove of hogs are turned into their haunts and the snakes soon disappear. The hog, when it sees a rattlesnake, instantly erects its bristles and back, and commences rattling its tusks. The snake accepts the challenge and prepares for defence.

The hog seems to understand what parts of its body are invulnerable to poison, so it gets down upon its knees, and in this awkward position deliberately crawls, by a sideling motion, up to the enemy.

The snake darts forward and the hog dexterously catches the fangs in the fat of the jaws—the blow is repeated, and the hog having been smitten on one cheek, deliberately turns the other. This the animal continues to do until the snake has not only exhausted for time being its poison, but also its strength.

The hog then deliberately rises from its knees, and now regardless of consequences, seizes the serpent near the head, and putting its forefoot upon its squirming body, strips the reptile through its teeth, and thus tears it to pieces. If the hog, as is sometimes the case, happens to be very lean, and the poison fangs thereby strike circulation, it will die from the wound, but the conjunction rarely take place.

The Black Hills Expedition.

This is the way we march, says a correspondent with Gen. Custer: Probably half a mile or more in front ride a dozen Indian scouts, who thoroughly beat over the ground, examining every ravine or depression of the ground, or rock, or clump of trees, or at the watercourses, keeping an attentive eye on the fords, or for Indian signs. Then comes General Custer, with the Santees and Arickarees, under Lieutenant G. D. Wallace, and the guides. The General is as theatrical as ever in the saddle, and carries his little blue and red pennon, destined to be planted on the summit of Bear Butte. After him comes the Gatling battery, Lieutenant Chance; then the wagon train, ambulances, and herd. Quartermaster A. E. Smith. Captain Sanger leads the infantry column behind this. On either flank, about eighty rods from the train, comes the cavalry, the columns being led by Major George A. Forsythe and Major J. G. Tilford. Captain M. Moylan with a company of cavalry covers the rear and small scouting parties are thrown out on either flank, rendering it impossible that a surprise should be made. Scouting parties are on favorable occasions sent out two or three miles in advance or on either flank. It requires a special permit, very rarely given, to pass out of the lines; and to do our civilians and scientists credit, they are most amenable to discipline in this direction. We have had but one scare thus far, when a mule—first homesick and subsequently repentant—stole out of the lines and then returned rather demonstratively, creating a sensation in camp till he was identified and anathematized *selon regle*.

A German at Terre Haute, Ind., sold last year 16,000 pounds of grapes raised on land which, the same season, would not have produced 60 bushels of corn.

The Newspaper.

Science, it may be said, has shown us how to make a newspaper the cheapest created article in the world. As an example of workmanship the damp, fresh journal that lies on the the breakfast table is the highest type of what capital, industry and skill can produce in the way of cheapness. The needle, the common pin, the steel pen, in their way show a similar result. But it would be far easier for the unskilled person to make a needle, a pin or a pen than to compose a newspaper. In one we see what the perfection of machinery will will do in the way of fineness and cheapness of workmanship. But the newspaper, says an exchange, represents the achievements of machinery and the results of energy and patient thought combined. For less than the cost of a cigar, a loaf of bread, or a cup of coffee, the journalist sells the combined efforts of hundreds of men. To enable him to make his newspaper, his ministers go to all quarters of the world. And so perfect has the relation between the true journal and the people become that a great newspaper is no more and no less than a great commonwealth. It has the responsibility and many of the attributes of sovereignty. There is no such power for good or evil as now rests in the hands of the journalist. Every day he scatters his sheets broadcast to the four winds, to fall like seed upon barren and stony as well as upon fertile ground, to bear fruit which may be wheat and may be tares. We do not say that in all cases this labor is honestly, carefully done. We are well aware that thousands of tares are sown every day—slanders, falsehoods, disparagements, reckless statements that bring forth sorrow and heart-burning. But we do feel that every year there is less and less of this, that journalism is becoming more and more a profession, that the true editor feels that he is in some sense a judge, and that it will be woe unto him if he deals unjustly. So that in a moral sense, as a mighty influence acting directly and incessantly upon public opinion, as well as in a social and business sense, as the instrument of news and business affairs, the newspaper takes every day a higher and higher station.

Ike Partington's Composition.

"Plymouth Rock" being the subject given out for the exercise of the school, the teachers and boys were astonished at the following luminous composition by Ike Partington, which displays great historical acumen and a most astonishing chronological facility:

Plymouth Rock.—This Rock was brought to this country in the Mayflower, in the year 1492, by the Pilgrim's under the direction of Elder Osman Brewster, who afterwards moved to Boston and became an alderman of that city. It was on this rock that Governor Carver first shook hands with Samoset, who said, "Welcome Englishmen!" It is recorded that when Samoset came up Governor Carver asked him if he was a real Ingine, or only a member of an Ingine Company.

The Rock has long been regarded as a famous place. The American Eagle for a great many years used to come and whet his beak on the rock, but in 1653 Miles Standish, in order to keep it from being stolen, carried it and put it in front of Pilgrim Hall, where it remains at the present time, invested with great interest and an iron fence. The fence bears the names of all the Pilgrims in cast-iron letters that can't be rubbed out.

The Rock is a good deal worn out by the allusions touching it that are thrown off by Fourth of July orators. Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of the cellar wall of our Republican structure, paregorically speaking, and the spirit of liberty sits upon it with a drawn sword in one hand, and the torch of freedom in the other; and if foes invade the shore of Plymouth at high water—for they never can get in at low tide—they will throw this rock in their teeth. It is a precious legacy from the past to the present, and from it may be reckoned the Pilgrim's Progress.

What the Birds Did.

Frederick II., of Prussia, was one day walking along the terrace at Sans Souci and noticed that his beautiful, large grapes were suffering severely under the appetites of the sparrows. Enraged at the impudent thieves, he offered a price for their heads, and in a few weeks there was not a single sparrow in the royal gardens. In the following year, however, not a single grape ripened, and the Prussian monarch found that as soon as the sparrows disappeared the grubs, caterpillars and snails began to commit their depredations unmolested, and the king found out that, although the sparrows were great thieves, their useful qualities far more than counterbalanced their bad ones. He repealed his former edict, and since that time sparrows and grapes have prospered abundantly at Sans Souci.

A Physician Who Healed Himself.

If a railroad director were lashed to every locomotive, there would be fewer railroad accidents, and if doctors had to take their own physic before administering it to their patients, fewer people would be poisoned. Dr. Joseph Walker, of California, took this course when he first compounded the famous Vinegar Bitters which now rank as an inestimable household remedy in all parts of the United States. He healed himself with this specific before he offered it to the world. He introduced it with a simple statement of the manner in which he had discovered its vegetable ingredients and been cured, while wandering, sick and poor, among the California tribes. He stated what the preparation had done for himself, and a few sufferers from dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, lung diseases, and many other prevalent disorders, believed him, tried the new restorative, and were more than satisfied with the results. In this way the sale of the Vinegar Bitters began, and we mention the fact as an evidence that in this age of intelligence and inquiry, nothing that is really valuable to mankind can prove a pecuniary failure—even though it may lack the help of capital, and have to fight its way against powerful opposing interests. Within two or three months after its introduction, the article became self-supporting, and it now yields a magnificent annual revenue.—*Com.*

The heat of summer, as well as the sudden changes of temperature incident to autumn, coupled with the use of unripe vegetables and fruits and other unwholesome articles of food, result every season in producing much suffering from Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic and other derangements of the stomach and bowels. Something that will promptly relieve these sufferings and restore tone and normal action to the relaxed and debilitated alimentery canal, is surely a boon to the afflicted. Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose Family Medicines have acquired a world-wide reputation, by long study and careful chemical experiments has succeeded in extracting, by a cold process, from Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, (that modest little plant seen in wet grounds by the roadside and in neglected grounds and pasture fields), a remedial principle which, when skilfully combined with the extract of Jamaica Ginger and other pleasant modifying agents, in what he calls his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, forms a most reliable specific for all such derangements and sufferings. It is pleasant and safe to take, yet powerful to cure. Its wonderful efficacy is further confirmation of the Doctor's idea that God has caused to grow, in each climate and region, those medicinal plants best calculated for the cure of the diseases that prevail in the section of country where those plants are found—that "the tree for the healing of the nations," and that the fewer far-fetched remedies we employ the better, if we would thoroughly investigate and understand those we have at home. The Doctor's Extract of Smart-Weed is sold by druggists generally.—*Com.*

Good advice never comes amiss. If they have not got the Elmwood Collar at the store where you are in the habit of purchasing your goods, tell them to get some for you at once, and don't be put off with any other goods.—*Com.*

Every one knows that a cold or cough ought not to be neglected, and that if it is not attended to in season, it may result fatally. Our advice is to take care of it before it is too late, and use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which can be had of any druggist. Dr. Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops have never been equalled. For worms ever discovered.—*Com.*

Foolishly spent, money paid for children's shoes not protected by SILVER TIPS. Two weeks is about the time it takes a smart, active